A

SELECTION OF HYMNS,

INCLUDING MANY ORIGINALS;

FOR THE USE OF THE

CHURCH AND CONGREGATION

MEETING FOR DIVINE WORSHIP

IN MEETING-HOUSE WALK, SNOW'S FIELDS,

BOROUGH.

BY GEORGE FRANCIS,

Minister of the Gospel.

Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of his saints. Psalm, cxlix. 1.

Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains. Isaiah, xlii. 11.

Behold my servants shall sing for joy of heart. Isa. lxv. 14.

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ADDRESS

TO THE

CHURCH AND CONGREGATION,

DEARLY BELOVED,

IT is an unspeakable mercy that we are favoured with the privilege of worshipping God in the way he hath taught us, without fear or terror; the Lord make us thankful for it, and at all times ready to acknowledge it. Amen.

He hath been pleased to afford us gracious encouragement in the same by saying, "that wherever two or three shall meet together, in my Name, there am I in the midst of them; and that to bless them;" and he hath further instructed us, by saying, that "he loveth the gates of Zion, more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Upon this ground another inspired Penman admonishes us "not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together as the manner

of some is." And all his waiting people are further encouraged by that gracious promise, "wherever I record my name, there will I come unto thee, and will bless thee."

The manner in which the Saints in every age worshipped God, was by meeting together to pray and praise, and speak and hear his Word; but the very essence of all worship is PRAYER *and* PRAISE: *and help to perform each of these acts of Divine Worship aright, must come immediately from the Lord. His presence and blessing upon each of these glorious exercises has been afforded in all ages of time, and will continue while there are two or three upon the Earth, who, by the grace of God, are like-minded, having any wants to spread before him, or mercies to praise him for:*

"With *them* number'd may *we* be,
"Here, and in Eternity!"

To influence and assist us in our Worship, God has promised to pour down a "Spirit of grace and of supplication," and we are commanded to "pray one for and with

another;" and for our encouragement in the same, it is said, "If but two of you agree, touching any thing, it shall be granted you of my Father who is in Heaven." Hence, we read of Peter and John going up to the Temple at the hour of prayer; they were both Ministers of the Everlasting Gospel, but they well knew that prayer was as much an ordinance of God, as preaching the Gospel, though the one is not to be attended to the neglect of the other; the very life of the soul is kept up by this sacred converse with God, and the prosperity of our own souls is promoted by seeking and praying for the prosperity of Zion; "they shall prosper that love her."

The next part of Divine Worship is, PRAISE: *"Praise ye the Lord." "In every thing give thanks." "And Paul and Silas sang the Praises of God in the prison." The exhortations to lift up our hearts in thanksgiving and praise are without number. To assist us in this part of Divine Worship, the Lord hath been pleased to possess many of his Servants with a talent for poetry, together*

with a sound judgment, by which means some have been led in a particular doctrinal way, and others in a more experimental way, to enter into the very hearts of the Children of God, as it respects their conflicts, weakness, hopes, fears, &c. and thus it becomes food for the family and household of faith.

The Books that we have hitherto generally used have been Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns and Dr. Rippon's Selection; but it has very frequently occurred that many excellent Hymns have necessarily been introduced, either as applicable to the Sermon, or by particular desire, at which time the Congregation are without Books; and when they have been found precious to the Soul, great enquiry has been made to know from whence they have been taken; a SELECTION *has therefore been made from the Hymns of* BERRIDGE, BURNHAM, HART, KENT, MEDLEY, NEWTON, *&c. together with a few Original Hymns; the whole being designed to be used as a Supplement to the two now in use; or rather, as an* HYMN BOOK OF OUR OWN, *to be used as occasion may serve; and I trust, that this*

Selection of Choice Hymns will be found acceptable, in the hand of God, to the souls of many; and then our labour will not have been in vain in the Lord; which is the earnest prayer of him, who is, for the truth's sake, devotedly and sincerely your's,

G. FRANCIS.

Feb. 25, 1824.

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HYMNS.

PRAYER.

HYMN 1. L. M. *Medley.*

Praying for Christ to be revealed.

1 AMIDST ten thousand anxious cares,
The world and Satan's deep laid snares,
This my incessant cry shall be,
Jesus *reveal* thyself to me!

2 When Sinai's awful thunder roll'd,
And struck with terror all my soul,
No gleam of comfort could I see
'Till Jesus was *reveal'd* to me.

3 When by temptations sore oppress'd,
Distressful anguish fills my breast;
All, all is grief and misery,
'Till Jesus is *reveal'd* to me!

4 When various lusts imperious rise,
And my unguarded soul surprise:
I'm captive led nor can get free
'Till Christ *reveals* himself to me!

5 When darkness, as thick as beamless night,
Hides the lov'd Saviour from my sight,
Nothing but this my ardent plea,
Jesus, *reveal* thyself to me!

6 'Tis he dispels the dismal gloom,
Gives light and gladness in its room;
Then have I joy and liberty,
As Christ *reveals* himself to me.

HYMN 2. 8.8.6. *Kent.*

God present in the Assemblies of his Saints.

1 "WHERE two or three together meet,
"My love and mercy to repeat,
"And tell what I have done,
"There will I be," saith God, "to bless,
"And ev'ry burden'd soul redress,
"Who worships at my throne."

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some healing word,
To set the spirit free;
Impart a kind celestial show'r,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with Thee.

3 Tho' few in number, yet we claim
The promise made in Jesu's name;
It stands divinely free;
Thou art our Father and our Friend,
Thy tender mercies can extend
To sinners such as we.

4 Guilt from the troubled soul remove,
Constrain our hearts, by love, to love,
Release from slavish fear;
Then, tho' in tents of sin we groan,
We'll sing like those around thy throne,
Till thou shalt bring us there.

HYMN 3. L. M. *Kent.*

The Communion of Saints.—Mal. iii. 16, 17.

1 WHEN saint to saint, in days of old,
Their sorrows, sins, and suff'rings t ld;
Jesus the friend of sinners dear,
His saints to bless, was present there.

2 As members of his mystic frame,
Together met to bless his name;
Lo humbly at his throne we bow,
As God with us, he's present now.

3 Oh! blest devotion, thus to meet,
And spread our woes at his dear feet;
Call him our own in ties of blood,
And hold sweet fellowship with God.

4 His former visits we recount,
On Mizar's hill, and Hermon's mount;
Yet still our souls desire to view
His signets and his bracelets too.

5 Jesus, our peace, our shield, and sun,
When thou shalt draw, our feet shall run;
But, if thy visit thou adjourn,
We'll pray, and wish thy sweet return.

HYMN 4. L. M. *Swain.*

The Pleasures of Social Worship.

1 JESUS, how heav'nly is the place,
Where thy dear people wait for thee!
Where the rich fountain of thy grace,
Stands ever open, full and free.

2 Hungry, and poor, and lame and blind,
Hither thy blood bought-children fly;
In thy deep wounds a balsam find,
And live whilst they behold thee die.

3 Here they forget their doubts and fears,
While thy sharp sorrows meet their eyes;
And bless the hand that dries their tears,
And each returning want supplies.

4 Oh! the vast myst'ries of thy love!
How high, how deep, how wide, it rolls!
Its fountains spring in heav'n above!
Its streams revive our drooping souls!

HYMN 5. C. M. *Newton.*

Seeking the Beloved.—Cant. iii. 3.

1 TO those who know the Lord, I speak,
Is my beloved near?
The bridegroom of my soul I seek,
O! when will he appear?

2 Though once a man of grief and shame,
Yet now he fills a throne;
And bears the greatest, sweetest, name,
That earth or heav'n have known.

3 Grace flies before, and love attends
His steps where'er he goes;
Though none can see him but his friends,
And they were once his foes.

4 Such Jesus is, and such his grace;
Oh! may he shine on you!
And tell him when you see his face,
I long to see him too!

HYMN 6. C. M. *Berridge.*

Psalm xxvii. 14.

1 AND does thy heart for Jesus pine,
And make its pensive moan?
He understands a sigh divine,
And marks a secret groan.

2 These pinings prove a Christ is near,
And testify his grace;
Call on him with unceasing pray'r,
And he will shew his face.

3 Tho' much dismay'd, take courage still,
And knock at mercy's door;
A loving Saviour surely will
Relieve his praying poor.

4 He knows how weak and faint thou art,
And must appear at length;
A look from him will cheer thine heart,
And bring renewed strength.

5 These holy hung'rings in thy breast,
Are not for mockery meant;
He has prepar'd a holy feast
To give thy soul content.

6 Then wait, I say, upon the Lord,
Believe and ask again;
Thou hast his kind and faithful word
That none shall ask in vain.

HYMN 7. L. M. *Medley.*

Encouragement to Pray.

1 MY soul take courage from the Lord;
Believe and plead his holy word;
To him alone do thou complain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

2 Upon him call, in humble prayer
Thou still art his peculiar care;
He'll surely turn and smile again,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

3 However sinful, weak, and poor,
Still wait and pray at mercy's door;
Faithful Jehovah must remain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

4 Tho' the vile tempter's hellish rage
Will, with his darts, thy soul engage,
God thro' the fight shall thee sustain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

5 Tho' the corruptions of thy heart,
Daily new cause of grief impart,
Pray that thy lusts may all be slain;
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

6 Tho' sharp afflictions still abound,
And clouds and darkness thee surround,
Still pray, for God will all explain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

7 In him, and him alone confide:
Still at the throne of grace abide;
Eternal vict'ry thou shalt gain,
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

HYMN 8. C. M. *Medley.*

The Throne of Grace.

1 DEAR Lord! to us assembled here
Reveal thy smiling face,
While we by faith, with love and fear,
Approach the *Throne of Grace.*

2 Thy house is call'd a house of pray'r,
A solemn sacred place;
O let us now thy presence share,
While at the *Throne of Grace,*

3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race,
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before the *Throne of Grace.*

4 Our earnest, fervent cry attend,
And all our faith increase,
While we our Heavenly friend address
Upon a *Throne of Grace.*

His tender pity and his love
Our every fear shall chase,
And all our hope we then shall prove
Comes from the *Throne of Grace.*

Dear Lord! our many wants supply,
Attend to every case,
While humble in the dust we lie
Low, at the *Throne of Grace.*

We bless thee for thy word and laws,
We bless thee for thy peace;
And we do bless thee, Lord, because,
There is a *Throne of Grace.*

HYMN 9. L. M. *Medley.*

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant. Ps. xxxi. 16.

ENCOURAG'D by thy gracious word,
Behold I cry unto thee, Lord;
'Twas David's pray'r, and now 'tis mine,
"Upon me make thy face to shine."

2 Nor sun, nor moon, nor all the stars,
Can e'er dispel my clouds and fears;
Grant, Lord, a look of love divine,
And on me make thy face to shine.

3 Let me, thy poor weak servant, claim
An interest in thy glorious name;
My father, master, all divine!
Upon me make thy face to shine.

4 Often dejected, low and poor,
I sigh my heart-felt sorrows o'er;
No light can reach my soul but thine;
O, on me make thy face to shine,

5 Thro' all my pilgrimage below,
Thy gracious presence, Lord, bestow;
No soul can need it more than mine;
O, on me make thy face to shine.

6 Nor less in death's important hour,
Grant me thy presence and thy pow'r;
That when I shall my soul resign,
Thy face upon me, Lord, may shine

7 Then, when I've reach'd my blissful home,
Where fear and darkness never come;
In beams all glorious and divine,
Thy face shall ever on me shine.

HYMN 10. L. M. *Medley.*

O save me, for thy mercy's sake!

1 REGARD, great God! my mournful prayer,
Make my poor trembling soul thy care;
For me in pity undertake,
"And save me for thy mercies' sake."

2 My soul's cast down within me, Lord,
And only thou canst help afford;
Let not my heart with sorrow break,
But save me for thy mercies' sake.

3 Such dismal storms are rais'd within,
By Satan, and in-dwelling sin,
Which all my soul with horror shake,
O, save me, for thy mercies' sake.

4 I've foes and fears of every shape,
Nor from them can my soul escape;
Upon me Lord some pity take,
And save me for thy mercies' sake.

5 I've scarce a glimm'ring ray of light,
With me 'tis little else but night;
O, for my help do thou awake,
And save me, for thy mercies' sake.

6 To me, dear Saviour, turn once more,
To my poor soul thy joys restore;
Let me again thy smiles partake,
Lord save me, for thy mercies' sake.

HYMN 11. 148th. *Newton.*

The Throne of Grace. 1 Sam. i. 18.

1 WHEN Hannah, press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r,
She quickly found relief,
And left her burthen there;
Like her in every trying case,
May we approach a Throne of Grace.

2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad.
In trouble what a resting place
Have they who know a Throne of Grace!

3 Tho' men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour;
The saints from age to age,
Are safe from all their pow'r.
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the Throne of Grace.

4 Numbers before have try'd,
And found the promise true;
Nor has one been deny'd,
Then why should I or or you?
Let us, by faith, their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the Throne of Grace!

HYMN 12. S. M. *Newton.*

Another.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer pray'r.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants,
His love and pow'r can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supply'd.

6 Thine image, Lord! bestow,
Thy presence, and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

7 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

HYMN 13. L. M. *Medley.*

God be merciful to me a sinner.

1 HEAR gracious God, a sinner's cry,
For I have no where else to fly;
My hope, my only hope's in thee,
"O God, be merciful to me!"

2 To thee I come, a sinner *poor*,
And wait for mercy at thy door;
Indeed I've no where else to flee,
"O God, be merciful to me!"

3 To thee I come, a sinner *weak*,
And scarce know how to pray or speak;
From fear and weakness set me free,
"O God, be merciful to me!"

4 To thee I come, a sinner *vile*,
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile:
Mercy, thro' blood, I make my plea,
"O God, be merciful to me!"

5 To thee I come, a sinner *great*,
And well thou knowest all my state;
Yet full forgiveness is with thee,
"O God, be merciful to me!"

6 To thee I come, a sinner *lost*,
Nor have I aught wherein to trust;
But where thou art, Lord, I would be,
" O God, be merciful to me!"

7 To glory bring me, Lord, at last,
And there, when all my fears are past,
With all thy saints I'll then agree,
God has been merciful to me.

HYMN 14. L. M. *Francis.*

1 NOW, Lord, we bless thy sacred name,
That we, thy saints, together came,
To wait and worship at thy feet,
And thus approach thy mercy seat.

2 Our prayers attend, our wants supply,
And prove thyself for ever nigh;
Our sins subdue, our faith revive,
And keep our fainting souls alive.

3 Lord, we are needy, blind, and poor,
Nor would we ever leave thy door,
Till thou shalt fetch our spirits home,
Where sin and sorrow never come.

HYMN 15. S. M. *Burnham.*

Encouragement to Prayer.

1 COME, all who love to pray,
On Jesus cast your care;
And ev'ry praying soul shall find,
He loves to answer pray'r.

2 See, how he looks, and smiles,
From yonder shining throne;
Pleas'd, he attends your ev'ry pray'r,
And sends rich blessings down!

3 Ye hungring, thirsting souls,
O pray, and never faint;
Fresh scenes of love our Lord displays,
To ev'ry praying saint.

4 And whither should we fly,
But to a throne of grace?
For there we prove celestial joys,
And find subtantial peace.

5 Lord, from thy throne behold
Thy saints assembled here,
Whose hearts ascend with warm desire,
To feel thy presence near.

6 Thro' all the glooms of sin,
May thy rich mercy blaze;
And make it known thou hearest pray'r,
And worthy art of praise.

HYMN 16. C. M. *Anon.*

The Trials attending Prayer.

1 DEAR Saviour! let thy gracious eye
In pity now look down,
While unto thee for help we cry,
And all our vileness own.

2 Often beset with shame or fear,
When we attempt to pray,
Or such confusions interfere,
We scarce know what to say.

3 Darkness and hardness, guilt and pride,
And Satan's craft and rage,
Make us our sinful faces hide,
And often fear to engage.

4 Lord, let thy mighty pow'r and love
Upon us be display'd,
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And grant us timely aid.

5 Subdue these evils, dearest Lord!
Remove them far away,
And let thy gracious help afford,
Renewed grace to pray.

6 Still, Lord, uphold us in thy strength,
And we'll go on in prayer,
Till we arrive in heav'n, at length
To praise our Saviour there.

HYMN 17. C. M. *Medley.*

A poor sinner at the Throne of Grace.

1 HOW glad was my poor heart to hear,
The Lord's dear children say,
" Come, let us to his house repair,
To praise his name and pray!"

2 Among them, Lord! behold I come,
A sinner, vile and poor:
Thy word informs me there is room,
Nor hast thou shut the door.

3 I'll venture then and at his feet,
My sinful soul I'll lay,
Hoping he'll one in mercy meet
While with his saints I pray.

4 A wretched outcast, poor and mean,
A sinner all defiled,
Say, dearest Lord! can I be clean,
Can I be made thy child?

5 Merit or power, Lord! I've none,
Nor strength to will or do,
Yet help, O God! is laid in One,
Who faithful is and true.

6 Jesus! that name for ever dear,
I make my only plea,
Oh will he now in love appear,
And turn and look on me?

HYMN 18. 8. 7. *Newton.*

The Prayer of Necessity.

1 COULD the creatures help or ease us,
Seldom should we think of pray'r;
Few if any, come to Jesus,
Till reduc'd to self-despair:
Long we either slight or doubt him,
But when all the means we try,
Prove we cannot do without him,
Then at last to him we cry!

2 Fear thou not, distress'd believer,
Venture on his mighty name;
He is able to deliver,
And his love is still the same!
Can his pity or his pow'r
Suffer thee to pray in vain?
Wait but his appointed hour,
And thy suit thou shalt obtain.

HYMN 19. L. M. *Burnham.*

Encouragement to prayer.

1 NE'ER was a sinner cast away,
Whom the Redeemer taught to pray;
He loves such souls by far too well,
Than e'er to cast them down to hell.

2 Come, praying soul, thy God draws near,
And listens to each broken pray'r;
Pleas'd he attends thy ev'ry groan,
And soon in mercy will come down.

3 He ne'er was known to disappoint
A praying, waiting, humble saint;
But such a soul he'll ever bless,
With all the glories of his grace.

HYMN 20. L. M. *Newton.*

Ask what I shall give thee. 1 Kings iii. 5.

1 LORD, dost thou say, "ask what thou wilt?"
I gladly seize the golden hour;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thy image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love reveal'd
In all its height, and breadth and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

HYMN 21. C. M. *Newton.*

Seeking Relief. Isaiah xlv. 19.

1 WE come, dear Jesus, to thy throne,
To open all our grief;
Now send thy promis'd mercy down,
And grant us quick relief.

2 Ne'er didst thou say to Jacob's seed,
"Seek ye my face," in vain;
And canst thou now deny thine aid,
When burden'd souls complain?

3 The same thy pow'r, thy love the same,
Unmov'd the promise shines;
Eternal truth surrounds thy name,
And guards the precious lines.

4 Though Satan rage, and flesh rebel,
And unbelief arise;
We'll wait around his footstool still,
For Jesus hears our cries.

HYMN 22. C. M. *Cowper.*

I am the Lord that healeth thee. Exod. xv.

HEAL us, Emanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from the Lord!

3 Remember him who once apply'd
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cry'd,
"O help my unbelief."

4 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Conceal'd amid the gath'ring throng,
She would have shunn'd thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

HYMN 23. 104th. *Newton.*

Encouragement.

1 MY soul is beset
With grief and dismay,
I owe a vast debt,
And nothing can pay:

I must go to prison,
Unless that dear Lord,
Who died and is risen,
His pity afford.

2 The death that he dy'd,
The blood that he spilt,
To sinners apply'd,
Discharge from all guilt;
This great intercessor
Can give if he please,
The vilest transgressor
Immediate release.

3 When nail'd to the tree,
He answered the pray'r
Of one, who like me,
Was nigh to despair;
He did not upbraid him
With all he had done,
But instantly made him
A saint and a son.

4 Of sinners the chief,
And viler than all,
The jailor or thief,
Mannasseh or Saul:
Since they were forgiv'n
Why should I despair,
While Christ is in heav'n,
And still answers pray'r?

HYMN 24. 10s. *Newton.*

The Effort.

1 CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers pray'r;
There humble cast thyself beneath his feet,
For never needy sinner perish'd there.

2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh;
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,
A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!

3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,
And answer every charge with "Jesus dy'd."

5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan, and die,
Well hast thou known what fierce temptations mean;
Such was thy love; and now, enthron'd on high,
The same compassions in thy bosom reign,

6 Lord, give me faith—he hears—what grace is this!
Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve:
He shews me what he did, and who he is,
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

HYMN 25 8. 7. *Stevens.*

Waiting at the Throne for a Revival.

1 COME my Lord my sweet Redeemer,
Now revive me from above;
Tell me I am thine for ever;
By thy promise, heavenly Dove:
Banish now all doubts aud darkness,
With effulgent beams divine;
Let thy promis'd rays of brightness,
Now revive this heart of mine.

2 Now I languish, Lord, before thee,
Dissipate all gloom I pray;
Let me now *behold* thy glory,
Spurn the tempter's shafts away;
Let me feel my oneness with thee,
O my Jesus, and my Lord;
Let thy spirit now refresh me,
Through thy rich atoning blood.

3 Come thou wonder-working Spirit,
Now make known redeeming love;
Shew me what I shall inherit,
In the realms of bliss above;
Now unveil my Saviour's beauty
To my waiting soul, I pray;
See my longing heart before thee,
Empty—send me not away.

HYMN 26, C. M, *Stevens,*

I have longed for thy Salvation, O Lord.

1 WEARY of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus! set me free,
And to thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be.

2 Burden'd, dejected, and oppress'd,
Ah, whither shall I flee,
But to thine arms, for peace and rest?
For there I long to be.

3 Empty, polluted, dark, and vain,
Is all this world to me:
May I the better world obtain,
For there I long to be.

4 Lord, let a tempest-tossed soul,
That peaceful harbour see,
Where waves and billows never roll,
For there I long to be.

5 Let a poor lab'rer here below,
When from his toil set free,
To rest and peace eternal go,
For there I long to be.

HYMN 27. C. M. *Smith.*

1 LET Mary's part, O Lord, be mine,
To set at thy bless'd feet;
And ever prove that I am thine,
And in thee all complete.

2 Daily thy visits, Lord, renew,
And bless my soul with peace;
Thy matchless beauties let me view,
And every grace increase.

3 I'm oft like Martha, fill'd with care,
About the things of time;
Blest Jesus for me break the snare,
That doth my soul confine.

4 The one thing needful let me prove,
And choose the better part;
O draw me with the cords of love,
And every blessing grant.

5 Humble at thy dear feet I'd lay,
My everlasting friend;
And listen what my Lord shall say,
And to his voice attend.

HYMN 28. 148th. *Berridge.*

"God be merciful to me, a sinner." Luke xviii. 13.

1 TWO people came to pray,
With different views inclin'd;
One righteous in his way,
And one distress'd in mind;
One eye'd himself with much delight,
And one laments his guilty plight.

2 One tells the Lord, how good
And how devout he was;
And pertly thanks his God,
It was the very case;
But mercy he forgets to crave,
And mercy says, he none shall have,

3 The lowly publican
Stands with a down-cast eye;
And like a ruin'd man,
Lifts up a doleful cry;
His pray'r is sound, and would suit thee,
"O God, be merciful to me."

4 To such a contrite soul
The Saviour draweth nigh,
And makes the sinner whole,
And sends him home with joy;
Binds up his bones in ev'ry part,
And bids sweet mercy cheer his heart.

5 So, Lord, I would be fed
While waiting at thy board;
I want no better bread
Than mercy can afford;
No sweeter bread I can receive,
No richer bread my God can give.

6 A pharisee may roost
On his religious face;
I am a sinner lost,
And only sav'd by grace;
And of my pray'r this is the sum,
Dear Saviour, let thy mercy come.

HYMN 29. 148th. *Berridge.*

"My soul thirstest for thee in a dry land, where no water is." Psal. lxiii. 1.

1 WHEN Jesu's gracious hand
Has touch'd our eyes and ears,
Oh! what a dreary land
The wilderness appears!
No healing balm springs from its dust,
No cooling streams to quench the thirst!

2 Yet long I vainly sought
A resting-place below,
And that sweet land forgot
Where living waters flow;
I hunger now for heavenly food,
And my poor heart cries out for God.

3 Lord enter in my breast,
And with me sup and stay;
Nor prove an hasty guest,
Who tarries but a day;
Upon my bosom fix thy throne,
And pull each cursed idol down.

4 My sorrow thou canst see,
For thou dost read my heart;
It pineth after thee,
And yet from thee will start;
Reclaim thy roving child at last,
And fix my heart, and bind it fast.

5 I would be near thy feet,
Or at thy bleeding side,
Feel how thy heart does beat,
And see its purple tide,
Trace all the wonders of thy death,
And sing thy love in every breath.

HYMN 30. S. M. *Berridge.*

"O Lord, thou art my refuge." Psal. cxlii. 5.

1 NO help in self I find,
And yet have sought it well;
The native treasure of my mind
Is sin and death and hell.

2 To Christ for help I fly,
The friend of sinners lost,
A refuge sweet and sure and nigh,
And there is all my trust.

3 All other refuge fails,
And leaves my heart distrest;
But this eternally prevails
To give a sinner rest.

4 Lord, grant me free access
Unto thy pierced side,
For there I seek my dwelling-place,
And there my guilt would hide.

5 In ev'ry time of need,
My helpless soul defend,
And save me from all evil deed,
And save me to the end.

6 And when the hour is near,
That flesh and heart will fail,
Do thou in all thy grace appear,
And bid my faith prevail.

HYMN 31. C. M. *Hawker.*

He is not ashamed to call them brethren. Heb. xi. 11.

1 HASTE, sinner, haste! flee to the throne,
Seek thy Redeemer's face;
Jesus is there, to bless his own,
And waits to give out grace.

2 Tell him, a brother seeks his love,
A brother's claims make known;
Jesus the name will not disprove,
Nor will the claims disown.

3 He knows thee well, he knows thy case,
And what thy sorrows be;
'Midst thousands which surround the place,
Jesus will look on thee.

4 Tell him, that in that gracious part,
Why Jesus, (as he knew,)
Was made High Priest, because his heart,
Might large compassions shew;

5 Tell him, he knows what sorrows are,
He felt of human fears;
When he himself deep sufferings bare,
And pour'd forth cries and tears,

6 Tell him all this; nor cease thy cry,
Until he mercy shew,
Thousands have found it, so have I,
And thou shalt find it too.

7 Jesus! to Thee thy brethren bow!
Lord manifest thy love;
Is not to thee thy church below,
As dear as thine above?

HYMN 32. 8.8.6. *Berridge.*

Luke viii. 19.

1 IF unto Jesus thou art bound,
A croud about him will be found,
Attending day and night;
A worldly croud to din thine ears,
And crouds of unbelieving fears,
To hide him from thy sight.

2 Yet all the vain and noisy croud,
Is but a thin and low'ring cloud,
A mist before thine eyes;
If thou press on, the crouds will fly,
Or if thou faint, to Jesus cry,
And he will send supplies.

3 This only way can pilgrims go,
And all complain, as thou wilt do,
Of crouds that daily come;
Yet, tho' beset by crafty foes,
And passing thro' a thousand woes,
They get securely home.

4 And such as seem to run the race,
And meet no croud to check their pace,
Are only rambling still;
Not fairly entered on the list,
The gate and narrow way they miss'd,
Which leads to Sion's hill.

5 O Lord, a cheering look bestow,
Or lend a hand to help me thro',
And draw me up to thee;
And when, thro' fear, I only creep,
Or dare not move a single step,
Yet thou canst come to me.

HYMN 33. 148th. *Burnham.*

Spiritual Wrestling.

1 DEAR Lord, we'd ever pray,
And prize thy gracious throne,
Wrestle both night and day,
And, wrestling, still go on;
For, O, thy promises are great,
Then help us, Lord, to pray and wait.

2 If earth, with furious hell,
Send all their force abroad,
Our grand design to chill,
In seeking Zion's God;
Yet on we'll go—our cries repeat,
Still, still resolv'd to pray and wait.

4 If darkness shade the soul,
And trials make us groan,
On Christ we'll cast our all,
Nor dare to quit his throne;
In fervent cries we'll ne'er abate,
But feel resolved to pray and wait.

5 If foul corruptions swell,
And Heaven seems to frown,
We'll pray,—for who can tell
What grace may yet come down?
Mercy divine is truly great,
Then we'll go on to pray and wait.

HYMN 34. 8. 7. *Burnham.*

For a Prayer Meeting.

1 DEAREST Lord, thou hast commanded
All thy family to pray;
Promis'd good thou hast appointed,
Thro' this medium to convey.

2 Yes, to all thy praying people,
Thou hast promised to appear;
And thy wondrous condescension,
Honours much the path of pray'r.

3 Jesus, thou exalted Saviour,
On thy promise we rely;
Comfort ev'ry mourning spirit,
Answer ev'ry feeble cry.

4 From thy glorious throne of mercy,
Heav'nly cordials now impart;
Exercise thy tender pity,
O'er the sinner's broken heart.

5 May we all who love the Saviour,
Often to his throne repair;
Feel the sweets of his compassion,
While engag'd in solemn pray'r.

6 Lord attend our supplications,
Let thy mercies on us roll;
Come, O come, thou kind Redeemer,
Smile on ev'ry praying soul.

HYMN 35. C. M. *Burnham.*

Encouragements for prayer.

LORD, we unite to call on thee,
Thou God of Israel hear,
A Saviour's blood is all our plea.
In mercy now draw near.

Encourag'd by a faithful God,
And all the word of grace,
Thro' oaths, and promises, and blood,
We hope to see thy face.

Pray'r thou hast heard in ev'ry age,
And pray'r thou hearest still,
To praying souls thou dost engage,
Thy favours to reveal.

Lord, on thy word we firmly rest,
Thy faithfulness to prove,
O come and answer each request,
And fill us with thy love.

HYMN 36. L. M. *Cowper.*

The House of Prayer. Mark xi. 17.

THY mansion is the Christian's heart.
O Lord, thy dwelling place secure!
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.

2 Devoted as it is to thee,
A thievish swarm frequents the place;
They steal away my joys from me,
And rob my Saviour of his praise.

3 There too a sharp designing trade,
Sin, Satan, and the world, maintain;
Nor cease to press me, and persuade,
To part with ease and purchase pain.

4 I know them, and I hate their din,
Am weary of their bustling crowd;
But while their voice is heard within,
I cannot serve thee as I would.

5 Oh! for the joy thy presence gives,
What peace shall reign when thou art here!
Thy presence makes this den of thieves
A calm delightful house of pray'r.

6 And if thou make thy temple shine,
Yet, self-abas'd, will I adore;
The gold and silver are not mine,
I give thee what was thine before.

HYMN 37. 104th. *Berridge.*

Psalm xxxiv. 18.

1 YE broken hearts all, who cry out, Uncle
And taste of the gall of indwelling sin
Lamenting it truly, and loathing it too,
And seeking help duly, as sinners should d

2 The Lord whom ye seek, is nigh to your call,
Attends when you speak, nor lets a word fall;
Your sorrow and sighing are felt in his breast;
He pities your crying, and will give you rest.

3 If often he hides his face from his friends,
And silent abides for merciful ends,
At length he uncovers himself from his cloud,
And sweetly discovers his face and his blood.

4 All penitent cries his Spirit imparts,
And fetcheth out sighs from sin-feeling hearts;
He puts you in mourning, the dress that you want,
A meek suit adorning both sinner and saint.

5 A time he has set to heal up your woes,
A season most fit his love to disclose,
And till he is ready to shew his good-will,
Be patient and steady, and wait on him still.

HYMN 38. 148th. *Newton.*

Matthew chap. vii. 7. 8.

1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold, a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offered unto thee,
I know thou wouldst disdain;
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before;
Or if thou now be kind,
I'll trouble thee no more:
Thou often hast relev'd my pain.
And often I must come again.

4 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

HYMN 39. 7s. *Harts.*

Chron. xx. 20.

1 LORD, we lie before thy Feet:
Look on all our deep distress,
Thy rich mercy may we meet,
Cloath us with thy righteousness,
Stretch forth thy Almighty hand;
Hold us up; and we shall stand.

2 Shame, and fear, and pain we feel,
  Viewing our unstable hearts;
How we wander, waver, reel,
  Only wise by fits and starts.
Thou art truth: but what are we?
Fickle fools and false to thee.

3 Oh, that closer we could cleave
  To thy bleeding, dying breast!
Give us firmly to believe,
  And to enter into rest.
Lord, increase, increase our faith:
Make us faithful unto death.

4 Make thy mighty wonders known.
  Let us see thy suff'rings plain.
Let us hear thee sigh and groan;
  Till we sigh and groan again.
Rend, O rend the veil between;
Open wide the bloody scene.

5 Let us with a steadfast faith,
  View our dear incarnate God
Shudd'ring in the arms of death,
  Bow'd beneath our Nature's load,
Make our Union with thee clear.
Perfect love; and cast out fear.

6 Let us trust thee evermore:
  Ev'ry moment on thee call,
For new life, new will, new pow'r;
  Let us trust thee, Lord for all.
May we nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

HYMN 40. L. M. *Hart.*

Thess. v. 17.

1 PRAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give,
Long as they live should christians pray:
For only while they pray, they *live*.

2 The christian's heart his pray'r indites;
He speaks as prompted from within:
The Spirit his petition writes;
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy pray'r?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high:
Arise, and try thy interest there,

4 If pain afflict or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract; or fears dismay;
If guilt dejects; if sin distress:
The remedy's before thee, Pray.

5 Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray; if thou canst, or canst not, speak;
But pray with faith in Jesu's name.

6 Depend on him; thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known,
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

HYMN 41. 148th. *Burnham.*

Prayer and Praise.

1 LORD of the skies, look down,
And hearken to our pray'rs;
Shine from thy gracious throne,
And chase away our fears;
Then to thy name a song we'il raise,
And ev'ry note shall swell with praise.

2 Enlighten ev'ry mind,
Fill ev'ry heart with grace;
May ev'ry spirit find,
That God is in the place;
Then to his name a song we'll raise,
And ev'ry note shall swell with praise.

2 Hark! hark! 'tis Jesu's voice;
Oh! listen to his word:
He says,—"ye saints, rejoice,
"For all your pray'rs are heard;"
Then to his name a song we'll raise,
And ev'ry note shall swell with praise.

4 Soon shall the Saviour give
Our souls their full desire;
And we with him shall live,
And all his grace admire;
Then to his name a song we'll raise,
And ev'ry note shall swell with praise.

PRAISE.

HYMN 42. P. M. *Kent.*

Christ exalted in the Assembly of the Saints.

1 WHEN, to worship, saints assemble,
Let the song to Jesus flow;
He forsook his ancient glory,
Groan'd and bled for worms below;
Ransom'd mortals,
Join to swell the sacred song.

2 Ye who find yourselves polluted,
Feel your hearts a sink of sin,
Ye shall have, by God imputed,
Righteousness that's white and clean;
'Tis the garment,
Wove by everlasting love.

3 'Tis Jehovah's own providing,
Better, wisdom can't devise;
From his eye for ever hiding,
Sins of every name and size;
He that wears it,
Is by God exalted high.

4 Adam, when the Tempter foil'd him,
His bright robes were quickly gone;
But this righteousness of Jesus,
Once apply'd, 'tis always on;
'Tis their title,
To the mansion, love ordain'd,

HYMN 43. L. M. *Swain.*

Christians have reason to sing.

1 ARISE, ye saints, and sing below,
In prospect of the joys above;
Think while you mourn where sorrows grow,
On yonder world of light and love!

2 Jesus, the God that once came down,
And liv'd a man of sorrows here,
Now wears in heav'n th' imperial crown,
And waits to bid us welcome there.

3 And ere we reach the happy shore,
His spirit condescends to bring
A taste, to make us long for more,
Of that which makes the angels sing.

4 And if the earnest of his love
We find while yet on earth so sweet,
What must the full possession prove
When round his glorious throne we meet!

5 When with immortal eyes we gaze,
On the full glories of our God,
As in Emmanuel's face they blaze,
And fill with light the blest abode!

HYMN 44. 104th. *Swain.*

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 TO Zion we go, the seat of our king,
And yet while below, we cannot but sing,
Tho' few here esteem us, the God we adore
Has dy'd to redeem us, what could he do more?

2 What Jesus has done, to save us from hell;
What conquests he won when he himself fell;
The depths of his sorrows the heights of his love,
Will never be known till we sing them above.

3 Then trust in his name, and rest on his word;
He's always the same unchangeable Lord;
His wisdom's omniscient, his pow'r is supreme,
His grace is sufficient his flock to redeem.

HYMN 45. C. M. *Swain.*

The Christian's Company and Employment.

1 JESUS, away from earth I fly,
And with thy church unite;
Thy saints shall be my company,
Thy presence my delight.

2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
Through all the heav'nly road;
Thy truth and grace shall be my song
Till I get home to God.

3 The wonders of thy bleeding love
For one so vile as I,
Shall often draw my heart above,
And fix my thoughts on high.

4 Yes, in thy name I will rejoice,
And triumph in thy word;
In echo to my heart, my voice
Shall magnify the Lord.

5 And may I never cease to tell
The wonders of his love,
Till heav'nly notes my bosom swell
In yonder courts above.

6 Till I, without a jarring sound,
Thy free salvation sing,
And make those crystal walls resound,
The glories of my King.

HYMN 46. C. M. *Burnham.*

Opening of Public Worship.

1 ZION's the resting place of God,
In Zion he'll reside;
Here all his stately steps are seen,
And mercies are display'd.

2 From yonder throne, Jehovah speaks,
In accents all divine;
"Here is my rest, and here I'll dwell,
"Here shall my glories shine,"

3 Here will I meet my chosen race,
Here will I feast my saints;
Here will I bless immortal souls,
And banish all complaints,

4 Here is pure milk, and wine, and oil,
And here is living bread;
All the rich fruits of heav'nly love,
A table richly spread.

5 Lord, may we all who here are met,
Of thy provisions taste;
May ev'ry spirit sweetly feed,
On this divine repast.

6 May we digest celestial food,
Flourish,—and grow in grace;
Gratefully own thy lib'ral hand,
And love thy dwelling place.

HYMN 47. L. M. *Swain.*

The Christian's Dwelling-Place.

1 ZION's the city where I dwell,
Surrounded by the hosts of hell;
But glory soon will be my home,
Where sin and hell can never come.

2 Till then among the saints below,
Where Jesus deigns his face to shew,
Let me be favour'd with a place,
Constant in all the means of grace,

3 Oh lovely place! where first my heart
Was taught for baneful sin to smart!
Where first my eyes were brought to see
That Jesus liv'd and dy'd for me!

4 Here would I dwell and learn to sing
The grace and love of Zion's king,
Till I ascend the heavn'ly skies,
And sing his praises as I rise!

5 Till, in the palace where he reigns.
I learn in sweet immortal strains,
The wonders of that love to tell,
That sav'd my soul from sin and hell!

HYMN 48. C. M. *Burnham.*

Waiting on God.

1 WHAT dost thou wait for, O my soul?
(The pond'rous thought regard;)
Say, is it now for earthly good?
Or, is it for the Lord?

2 'Tis for the Lord, the Lord of Hosts,
I feel my spirit beat;
'Tis for the blessings of his grace!
I worship at his feet.

3 Tho' like a mountain, sin appears,
Tho' men and devils frown;
Still to the Lord I'll pour my cries,
And hang upon his throne.

4 Rest in his word my waiting soul,
Jesus is near at hand;
All the vast troops of hell shall fall,
When Jesus gives command.

5 Altho' my strength appears to fail,
And evil thoughts intrude;
Yet will I wait upon the Lord,
Until my strength's renew'd.

6 I'll pray, and plead, and wait, and hope,
My Lord will surely come;
And take me from this vale of tears,
To my eternal home.

HYMN 49. L. M. *Anon.*

For a Blessing on Ordinances.

1 BELOVED Saviour, faithful friend
The joy of all thy cross's train;
In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship thee in vain.

2 In vain we meet to sing and pray
If Christ his influence withhold;
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.

3 Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view our dear Redeemer's face;
Yea, prove thy presence in these means,
To bless a vile and helpless race.

Here manifest thyself in peace,
Thy faithful mercies now make known;
O! breathe on us a gale of grace,
And send the cheering blessing down.

We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know thee as thou art;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

HYMN 50. L. M. *Newton.*

Lord's Day.

HOW welcome to the saints when press'd
With six day's noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides from them the world awhile.

Now from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a diff'rent air;
Compos'd and soften'd by the day,
All things another aspect wear.

How happy if their lot is cast,
Where Jesus in the gospel sounds,
The word is honey to their taste,
Renews their strength and heals their wounds.

With joy they hasten to the place,
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

5 We thank thee for this day, O Lord!
Here we thy promis'd presence seek;
Open thine hand with blessing stor'd,
And give us manna for the week.

HYMN 51. 10s. *Anon.*

Lord's Day.

1 HAIL! happy day! the day of holy rest,
When saints assemble, and on dainties feas
When all in smiles the God of grace descends
Opens his stores and entertains his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone
Its flatt'riug, fading glories, I'd despise,
And to immortal beauties turn mine eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix mine eyes:
Oh! meet my rising soul, stoop from above,
Jesus, and waft it to those realms of love!

4 Or, if I must not climb the starry height,
And see thee blazing on a throne of light;
If still the veil betwixt us must divide,
And from mine eyes my Saviour's glories hide

5 Yet here display the wonders of thy grace,
Look through the skies, and shew thy smilin
face;
Stoop down blest King of Glory, from above,
Shine on my soul and ravish me with love.

HYMN 52. 148th. *Anon.*

Lord's Day Morning.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return,
Lord make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

Descend, celestial dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

HYMN 53. 8. 8. 6. *Hart.*

The Sabbath.

GOD thus commanded Jacob's seed,
When from Egyptian bondage freed,
He led them by the way,
Remember with a mighty hand
I brought thee forth from Pharoah's land;
Then keep my Sabbath day.

2 In six days God made heav'n and earth;
Gave all the various creatures birth:
And from his working ceas'd.
These days to labour he applied;
The seventh he bless'd, and sanctified,
And call'd the day of rest.

3 To all God's people now remains
A Sabbatism, a rest from pains
And works of slavish kind.
When tired with toils and faint thro' fear,
The child of God can enter here,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 To this by faith he oft retreats,
Bondage and labour quite forgets,
And bids his cares adieu;
Slides softly into promis'd rest,
Reclines his head on Jesu's breast
And proves the Sabbath true.

5 This and this only is the way,
To rightly keep that Sabbath-day,
Which God has holy made.
All keepers that come short of this,
The substance of the Sabbath miss;
And grasp an empty shade.

HYMN 54. L. M. *Anon.*

Lord's Day Morning.

1 THANKS to thy name, O Lord, that we
One glorious sabbath more behold;
Dear Shepherd, let us meet with thee,
Among thy sheep, in this thy fold.

2 Now, Lord, among thy tribes appear,
And let thy presence fill the throng;
Thy awful voice let sinners hear,
And bid the feeble heart be strong.

3 Gather the lambs into thine arms,
And satisfy their every want;
And those with young defend from harms,
And gently lead them lest they faint.

4 Put forth thy shepherd's crook, and stay
Thy wandering sheep, and bring them back;
O bring the wand'ring home to-day,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.

HYMN 55. 7s. *Newton.*

Weeping Mary.

1 MARY to her Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and sweet perfume;
But the Lord she lov'd was gone.
For a while she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supply'd her eyes.

2 Jesus who is always near,
Tho' too often unperceived,
Came his drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking, Why she griev'd?
Tho' at first she knew him not,
When he call'd her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.

3 Grief and sighing quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice:
Just before she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesu's sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

4 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-toss'd.
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

HYMN 56. L. M. *Anon.*

Lord's Day Morning.

1 THUS far we're spar'd, again to meet
Before Jehovah's mercy-seat;
To seek his face, to praise and pray,
And hail another Sabbath-day.

2 Let ev'ry heart its silence break,
Let ev'ry tongue his goodness speak,
Who deigns his glory to display,
On each returning Sabbath-day.

3 Through the last week what have we done?
Yea, what since the last setting sun?
But grace prevails, and here we pay,
The tribute of a Sabbath-day.

4 While myriads of the blood-bought race,
Replete with love, before thy face
Their pure extatic homage pay,
On one eternal Sabbath-day.

5 May we enjoy, great King of grace!
Thy presence in this sacred place;
And gain new strength upon the way,
Through blessings of this Sabbath-day.

HYMN 57. C. M. *Bowes.*

Lord's Day Morning.

1 HAIL, sacred morn! thy dawn is sweet
To ev'ry ransom'd slave,
Rejoice, ye saints, the vict'ry's great.
Jesus has left the grave.

2 He died, the friend of sinners died,
A favour'd tribe to save;
The powers of darkness he defied,
Behold, he's left the grave!

3 He vanquish'd sin, and death, and hell,
Their deadly blow he gave;
The angels now with pleasure tell,
Jesus has left the grave.

4 Come, mourning soul, lift up your head,
Your tears are all in vain;
Why seek ye him among the dead?
Jesus has risen again.

5 Ye blood-bought throng, your voices raise,
In one harmonious strain;
Exulting sing with joyful praise,
Jesus now lives again.

6 On yonder shining throne he sits,
Laurels adorn his brow;
Hence, matchless favours he transmits,
To all his brethren now.

HYMN 58. L. M. *Medley.*

He hath done all things well.

1 O FOR a heart prepared to sing
To God, my Saviour, and my King;
While with his saints I join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess,
His wisdom all his works express;
But O, his love what tongue can tell!
My Jesus has done all things well.

3 How sov'reign, wonderful and free,
Is all his love to sinful men!
He plucked me as a brand from hell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 And since my soul has known his love,
What mercies has he made me prove!
Mercies which all my praise excel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 Whene'er my Saviour and my God,
Has on me laid his gentle rod,
I know, in all that has befel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

6 Sometimes he's pleas'd his face to hide,
To make me pray, or kill my pride;
Yet am I help'd on this to dwell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

7 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And, in his arms, shall lose my breath;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

8 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
Among the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

HYMN 59. 11s. *Anon.*

The Immutability of Jesus' Love.

1 COME, sinners, and sing in a sweet song of praise,
Salvation to Jesus the Ancient of Days,
Whose love to his chosen, all praise to his name!
Is to all and through all for ever the same.

2 The same in the cov'nant, behold how he stands,
Engag'd to pay justice and law their demands;
The same on the cross when he vanquish'd his foes;
The same when triumphant from death he arose.

3 The same when in darkness as when thou canst see,
His heart overflowing with love unto thee;
The same when a captive, or sold under sin,
The worst of all states that thy soul can be in.

4 The same at the banquet, when he o'er thy head
His banner of love everlasting shall spread;
The same when thy son-ship he proves with a rod,
For, though he chastis'd thee, he still is thy God.

5 The same when the promise thou canst not believe
The same in the furnace, the same in the sieve;
The same when the tempter comes in like a flood,
To quench all his darts in his peace-speaking blood.

6 The same when the Jordan of death thou shalt
tread,
Above all its billows to lift up thy head;
Then sing, O believer, give praise to his name,
In life, death, or dying, he's ever the same.

HYMN 60. C. M. *Burnham.*

Praise of Eternal Duration.

1 COME, come, ye happy, happy saints,
The heav'nly Lamb adore;
Dwell on his everlasting love,
And "praise him evermore."

2 Spread his dear name through all the earth,
Sing his eternal pow'r;
Shout the rich fountain of his blood,
And "praise him evermore."

3 Up to the courts, where now he reigns,
May all our spirits soar;
Fully survey the mercy-seat,
And "praise him evermore."

4 Hark! how the angels chaunt his name;
See how they all adore;
Triumph and wonder, gaze and sing,
And "praise him evermore."

5 Saints who surround the dazzling throne,
Their tuneful voices raise;
Higher than angels bear their songs,
The glorious songs of praise.

6 Come, O my spirit, higher still,
Swell the celestial lays;
Higher than all the heights of heaven,
Sound "Jesu's endless praise."

HYMN 61. C. M. *Burnham.*

Praising Divine Love.

1 COME, ye dear saints, employ your tongues,
In purest anthems join,
O, raise your notes in tuneful songs,
And sing of love divine.

2 Each bear the chorus to the skies,
And sing "My Lord is mine;"
And all in harmony arise,
To sing of love divine.

3 Sing freely of atoning charms,
Let all creation join,
Loose your complaints in bleeding arms,
And sing of love divine.

4 Jesus, thy flaming soul reveal,
And all my soul refine;
Fill me with pure increasing zeal,
To sing of love divine.

5 While viewing this transporting love,
Never can I repine,
But urge my way to realms above,
To sing of love divine.

6 May love in all my actions spring,
Love in my spirit shine,
Love makes me ever love to sing,
The song of love divine,

HYMN 62. C. M. *Swain.*

Praise to the King of Zion.

1 KING Jesus reigns for evermore,
Unrivalled in the courts above;
While we, with all thy saints, adore
The wonders of redeeming love!

2 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other pow'r but thine confess;
We'll spread thine honors while below,
And heav'n shall hear us shout thy grace.

3 We'll sing along the heav'nly road,
That leads us to our blest abode;
Till, with the vast unnumber'd throng,
On Zion's hill we join our song;

4 Till with pure hearts, and voices sweet,
We cast our crowns at Jesu's feet,
And sing of everlasting love,
In everlasting strains above!

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We cast our crowns at Jesu's feet,
And sing of everlasting love,
In everlasting strains above!

HYMN 63. S. M. *Anon.*

Adoration of Jesus.

1 HAD I ten thousand tongues,
They'd all be far too few,
To give my Jesus all the praise
And glory to him due!

2 Had I a seraph's voice,
Had I an angel's pow'r,
I'd strain them both to sing his name;
Yet would my songs be poor.

3 His love immense, I see!
Shines thro' his gaping wounds;
And in his bitter dying groans,
Melodious mercy sounds!

4 He left his shining throne,
Embrac'd the gloomy grave;
And lodg'd within the arms of death,
My guilty soul to save.

5 By death, he death o'ercame!
Then rose in triumph high;
He lives in radiant glory now,
He lives! no more to die!

6 Hail, glorious victor! hail!
I joy to see thee crown'd!
When I this darksome valley leave,
May I with thee be found.

HYMN 64. L. M. *Anon.*

Invitation to Praise Christ.

1 COME, ransom'd sinners, join the praise,
'Tis love divine demands our songs;
Ye ruin'd sinners, sav'd by grace,
To you the work of praise belongs.

2 The dire disease of sin we felt,
So painful to the wounded heart;
Our conscience bled with galling guilt,
With fell despair, and rankling smart.

3 But Jesus look'd with pitying eyes,
While ev'ry bowel mov'd with love;
He bade us, guilty sinners, rise,
And all his great salvation prove.

4 O, joyful news of pardon'd sins!
Sure 'tis a theme that never tires;
In this fair Zion's praise begins,
And kindles with immortal fires.

5 Thy grace so great, the theme so grand,
Claims more than sinless angels voice;
They praise his wonder-working hand,
But we in pard'ning love rejoice!

HYMN 65. 8.8.8. *Medley.*

Excellency of Christ. Isaiah xxxv. 2.

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine!

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heav'nly dress
My soul shall ever shine!

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known?

5 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace!

HYMN 66. S. M. *Hammond.*

Praise to Christ.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his endless love,
Sing of his rising pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts,
Ascending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing,
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

HYMN 67. C. M. *Kent.*

Praise for Salvation from the damning Power of Sin.

1 SAV'D from the damning pow'r of sin,
The law's tremendous curse,
We'll now the sacred song begin,
Where God began with us.

2 We'll sing the vast unmeasured grace,
Which, from the days of old,
Did all his chosen sons embrace
As sheep within his fold.

3 The basis of eternal love,
Shall mercy's frame sustain;
Earth, hell, or sin, the same to move,
Shall all conspire in vain.

4 Sing, O ye sinners bought with blood,
Hail the Great Three in One;
Tell how secure the cov'nant stood,
Ere time its race began.

5 Ne'er had ye felt the guilt of sin,
Nor sweets of pard'ning love,
Unless your worthless names had been
Enroll'd to life above.

6 O what a sweet exalted song
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
When shouting grace, the blood-wash'd throng,
Shall see the Top Stone rise.

HYMN 68. C. M. *Kent.*

Salvation flowing from eternal love.

1 NOW, in a sweet exalted song,
Let ransom'd mortals join,
To celebrate, both old and young,
Jehovah's love divine.

2 'Twas on this deep unfathom'd sea,
That life by Jesus came;
He bore his people's sins away,
All glory to his name.

3 'Twas sin that nail'd him to the tree,
That thrust the fatal spear;
But love, that made him sin to be;
Salvation centers there.

4 When he beheld the chosen race,
All welt'ring in their gore,
Terrific frowns ne'er cloth'd his face,
Nor did his vengeance roar.

5 He turn'd his eyes to Jesus, then,
And in his bosom saw
His dear delights, the sons of men,
Complete without a flaw.

6 To Zion's Great Eternal King,
Who bled for worms below,
Let bright immortal spirits sing,
And praise unmeasur'd flow.

HYMN 69. C. M. *Kent.*

Christ exalted.

1 CHILDREN of light, assist my song,
Come swell the sacred tone;
A sweeter note the blood-bought throng
Ne'er sung before the throne.

2 'Tis the Lamb for ever dear,
By God made sin to be,
Whose sacred side receiv'd the spear,
Whose hands were pierc'd for me,

3 On love like this reflect my soul,
Here's heights and depths to view;
'Twas for the foulest of the foul,
For sin of blackest hue.

4 He pass'd the rebel angels by,
Creatures of nobler pow'rs;
While rebel worms are raised on high,
This sinful flesh of ours.

5 The sins of all the ransom'd race,
That's found throughout the world,
By this one act of sov'reign grace,
Were in oblivion hurl'd.

6 When thine elect on Zion meet,
We'll lift thy name on high,
And ev'ry act of grace repeat,
And shout with holy joy.

HYMN 70. 7. 8. *Burnham.*

Praying for the Love of Christ,

1 GREAT Redeemer, purest lover,
Now in kind affection speak,
All for love our souls are panting,
Love is all we wish to seek;
When on earth the saints assemble,
Love to sing with heart and tongue,
Love shall fill the sounding chorus,
Love shall swell the blissful song.

2 Greater love is all we pray for,
Joining with the truly wise,
Eagerly for love pursuing
Till we soar above the skies;
There in soul-triumphant raptures,
We shall join the happy throng,
Love shall fill the sounding chorus,
Love shall swell the blissful song.

3 Then shall all the saints in glory,
Fill'd with love's immortal flame,
Ever tune their joyful anthems,
All to sound the dying Lamb;
All the vast celestial army
His high praise shall roll along,
Love shall fill the sounding chorus,
Love shall swell the blissful song.

HYMN 71. 148th. *Burnham.*

The same.

1 JESUS, thou glorious rock,
Thy precious love impart,
Look on thy waiting flock,
And fill the longing heart:
Break from the radiant hill above,
And pour down all thy flowing love.

2 O Lord thy glorious train
Of ancient blessings bring,
Come, and triumphant reign,
And make us nobly sing;
O let us dwell within thy arms,
And feel thy all o'ercoming charms.

3 Thy sway will calm the soul,
And make the temper kind,
Will ev'ry sin control,
And elevate the mind:
Gentle, and courteous, we shall prove,
While we enjoy eternal love.

4 Lord, for this love we pant,
For love we now aspire,
Pure love is all we want,
Love is our one desire;
Now may we all thy love explore,
And praise thy name for evermore.

HYMN 72. 8. 7. 4. *Burnham.*

The same.

1 JESUS, source of pure affection,
Seal my soul for ever thine,
Close me in thy kind embraces,
Let me on thy breast recline;
Precious Saviour, precious Saviour,
Ne'er was love so sweet as thine.

2 From the dear and kind Redeemer,
Never more may I decline,
But rejoice, and shout for ever,
I am his, and he is mine;
Precious Saviour, &c.
Ne'er was love so sweet as thine.

3 Come thou dearest friend of sinners,
All my heart to thee confine,
Rise with overcoming splendour,
Ravish all this soul of mine;
Precious Saviour, &c.
Ne'er was love so sweet as thine.

4 May we all delight in Jesus,
All we have to him resign,
Love the saints with glowing ardor,
Love with purer love divine;
Precious Saviour, &c.
Ne'er was love so sweet as thine.

HYMN 73. L. M. *Burnham.*

Salvation.

1 THE name of Jesus, O how sweet!
How it removes my pain.
Calms the great tumults of my soul,
And makes it all serene.

2 When of his glorious name I hear,
My rising joys abound;
Salvation from my ev'ry sin,
Flows from the blissful sound.

3 Sav'd from the devil, death, and hell,
Sav'd from the curse of God;
Sav'd from my ev'ry gloomy fear,
Through the Redeemer's blood.

4 Sins against heav'nly light and love,
Sins of a crimson die,
Loose their deep stains in Calv'ry's flood,
And *there* are wash'd away.

5 Now, O ye saints, arise and sing,
Sing the dear Saviour's worth;
Let his salvation be your theme,
And sound it through the earth.

6 Help us, O Lord, to raise our notes,
And swell the joyful song;
Sing like the saved sons of God,
Sing like the heavenly throng.

HYMN 74. P. M. *Hill.*

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 BEGIN, ye saints, the happy song,
Let love inspire the theme;
'Tis Jesu's grace,
That calls for our praise,
'Twas Jesus alone did redeem.

2 When justice fix'd the sinners fate,
In endless woe to dwell;
'Twas Jesus that stood
Resisting to blood,
And ransom'd the sinner from hell.

3 Our only advocate and friend,
The mighty work hath wrought;
When bowing his head,
"'Tis finished," he said;
O, sinner, exult at the thought.

4 A spotless victim to the cross,
Himself he thus resign'd;
Then enter'd the grave,
The wretched to save,
The poor, and the halt, and the blind.

5 Lo! now in bliss our cause he pleads,
Till we behold his face;
Unchangeable love,
To us he will prove,
Eternal in mercy and grace.

6 Then let us lift our loudest praise,
To Sion's holy King;
He's worthy, we own,
Who sits on the throne;
Hosanna to Jesus we sing.

BEFORE SERMON.

HYMN 75. L. M. *Bowes.*

For the prosperity of Zion.

1 ARISE thou Sun of Righteousness,
Shine on this garden of thy grace,
Here may the lilies grow and thrive,
And every drooping plant revive.

2 May Zion's pilgrims oft rejoice
To listen to that small still voice,
That cheers them in this vale of tears,
Amid their numerous host of fears.

3 Here, Lord, display thy wond'rous grace,
Exert thy power, reveal thy face,
Call home the wanderers of thy fold,
The wonders of thy love unfold.

4 Celestial dove, vouchsafe thy care,
In thy rich influence let us share,
Abundant grace may we posess,
With faith, love, hope, and joy, and peace.

5 Thine under-shepherd greatly bless,
And crown his labours with success,
Hold as a star in thy right hand,
A polish'd shaft, O, may he stand.

6 Thus bless the shepherd and the flock,
With pitying eye, Lord, deign to look,
Watch o'er our steps, our path surround,
Till round thy throne we shall be found.

HYMN 76. S. M. *Newton.*

1 HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirit wants,
Thy hand alone can give;
Oh, hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

HYMN 77. C. M. *Herbert.*

1 LORD, fill thy servant's soul to-day,
With pure seraphic fire,
And set his tongue at liberty,
And grant his soul's desire.

2 O may he preach the word of God
With energy and power;
May gospel blessings spread around,
Like a refreshing shower.

3 May God's eternal love and grace
Be sweetly felt within;
While he is preaching Christ the Lord,
Who took our curse and sin.

4 May burden'd sinners lose their load,
And downcast souls rejoice;
May doubting souls believe to-day,
They are Jehovah's choice.

5 May Christ be first, and Christ be last,
And Christ be all in all;
Who died to make salvation sure,
And raise us from the fall.

6 Oh may thy servants now to-day,
Proclaim salvation free;
As finished by the Son of God,
For such poor souls as we.

HYMN 78. 104. *Hart.*

1 THE good hand of God
Has brought us again,
(A favour bestow'd,
We hope not in vain)

To hear from our Saviour
The word of his grace;
Then be our behaviour
Becoming the place:

2 Remember the ends
For which we are met;
Alas! my dear friends,
We're apt to forget;
The motives that brought us,
The Lord only sees:
But, if he has taught us,
Our ends should be these:

3 To worship the Lord
With praise and with pray'r;
To practise his word
As well as to hear;
To own with contrition
The deeds we have done,
And take the remission
God gives in his Son.

4 Blest Spirit of Christ
Descend on us thus;
Thy servant assist,
Teach him to teach us;
Oh send us thy unction,
To teach us all good;
And touch with compunction,
And sprinkle with blood.

HYMN 79. 148. *Burnham.*

1 JESUS, we come to meet
With thee, our Lord and King;
To bow before thy feet,
And here thy praises sing:
Compassion on us have, we pray,
And empty send us not away.

2 May ev'ry worldly care
Be banish'd far away:
May we with profit hear
Thy precious word to-day:
Refresh us from it, Lord, we pray,
And empty send us not away.

3 We come thy voice to hear,
And on thy bounty feed:
To fetch supplies from there,
To answer ev'ry need.
Refresh us in thy house, we pray,
And empty send us not away.

4 May all thy children prove
The riches of thy grace:
And taste redeeming love,
And see thy smiling face:
So shall we all with pleasure say,
We are not empty sent away.

HYMN 80. C.M. *Berridge.*

Prov. viii. 34.

1 MY bus'ness lays at Jesu's gate,
Where many a Lazar comes,
And here I sue, and here I wait
For mercy's falling crumbs.

2 My rags and wounds my wants proclaim,
And help from him implore;
The wounds do witness I am lame,
The rags that I am poor.

3 My Lord, I hear, the hungry feeds,
And cheereth souls distrest;
He loves to bind up broken reeds,
And heal a bleeding breast.

4 His name is Jesus, full of grace,
Which draws me to his door;
And will not Jesus show his face,
And bring his gospel-store?

5 Supplies of every grace I want,
And each day want supply,
And if no grace the Lord will grant,
I must lay down and die.

6 But oh! my Lord, such news shall ne'er
Be told in Sion's street,
That some poor soul fell in despair,
And dy'd at Jesu's feet.

HYMN 81. 7. 6. *Hill.*

Enjoyment of Christ in Worship.

1 YE that in his courts are found,
List'ning to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as you are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bloody sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holiness, and heav'n:
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the peace the Gospel brings.

HYMN 82. S. M. *Irons.*

1 LORD, thou hast bid us pray
To thee for all we need:
We come in this appointed way,
Upon thy grace to feed.

2 Our hungry spirits crave
In children's bread to share;
Within thy courts a place to have,
And see thy glory here.

3 While high, seraphic lays
Sound thro' thy courts above;
Stoop down and listen to our praise,
And fill our hearts with love.

4 Meet every waiting case,
On every soul now shine:
Make us the subjects of thy grace;
And be the glory thine.

HYMN. 83. S. M. *Berridge.*

1 A NEW and pleasant door,
A friendly way to God,
Is open'd for the gospel-poor,
Thro' Jesu's precious blood.

2 Here mercy smiling sits
The famish'd poor to feed,
Bestows a kiss on all she meets,
And deals out heavenly bread.

3 Of Christ I chirp and sing,
And when he casts an eye
I flutter up with brisker wing,
And warble in the sky:

4 Such is my pleasant task,
To sing of this sweet road:
And if the cause a stranger ask,
It is my way to God.

HYMN 84. L. M. *Burnham.*

For a Blessing on the Word preached.

1 O bless thy servant, dearest Lord,
While he shall preach the gospel word:
May he declare delightful things,
Touching the glorious King of kings.

2 O grant him bright celestial views,
While he proclaims the gospel news;
With fiery zeal his soul inflame,
While he exalts the bleeding Lamb.

3 Give him clear light, and burning love,
And show'r down blessings from above;
May we all hear the Saviour's voice,
And all believe, and all rejoice.

HYMN 85. S. M. *Burnham.*

1 WE'RE now about to hear,
A gospel fraught with blood;
May we all stand at Zion's gate,
To know the mind of God.

2 To this great end apply
Thy word, thou Prince of Peace;
And make our longing souls enjoy,
The sweets of gospel grace.

3 Now may the Holy Ghost,
Break ev'ry stony heart;
Take of the glorious things of Christ,
And heav'nly life impart.

HYMN 86. 8.7.4. *Hill.*

For Ministers on their Arrival.

1 LORD, we welcome thy dear servant,
Messenger of gospel grace,
Oh, how beauteous are the feet of
Him that brings good news of peace!
Lord, we welcome
Every servant sent of thee.

2 Bless, O bless his message to us,
Give us hearts to hear the word
Of redemption, dearly purchas'd,
By the death of Christ our Lord.
O reveal it
To our poor and helpless souls!

3 Lord, vouchsafe thy grace and glory,
To thy faithful labourer dear;
Let the incense of our hearts be
Offered up in faith and prayer.
Bless, O, bless him,
Now, henceforth, for evermore!

HYMN 87. S. M. *Berridge.*

To the Trinity.

1 OUR Father who dost lead
The children of thy grace,
A new-born and believing seed,
Throughout the wilderness!

2 Thy providential care
In danger past we own,
And beg thine arm may still be near,
And still thy love be shown.

3 Dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Our lovely dying friend!
Reveal the virtue of thy blood,
And truth and mercy send.

4 Thou art a master kind,
With voice and person sweet,
Bestow on us a loving mind,
And keep us at thy feet.

5 Thou, Holy Spirit, art
Of Gospel-truth the seal;
Convincing pow'r thou dost impart,
And Jesus's grace reveal.

6 Oh, breathe thy quick'ning breath,
And light and life afford;
Instruct us how to live by faith,
And glorify the Lord.

HYMN 63. L. M. *Kent.*

The Mission of Zion's Heralds.

1 AS Moses lifts the serpent high,
At God's command, lest Israel die;
So in the gospel, full and free,
Let Jesus now exalted be.

2 Lift him ye heralds sent of God,
Proclaim the virtue of his blood;
Point sinners there, tho' vile as hell,
Whose rankling wounds with venom swell.

3 Lift him on high as God the Son,
With seraphs waiting at his throne;
Supreme in power, in love supreme,
Mighty to save and to redeem.

4 Lift him in all his bloody hue,
As Israel's hope, and portion too;
And thither lead the weary saint,
The weak, the wounded, and the faint.

5 With "Look and live," as Israel did,
Their rising doubts and fears forbid;
Declare his blood, how rich and full,
To make their past transgressions null.

6 Oh! wond'rous cross, Oh, bleeding Lamb,
I'll sing thy love, and tell thy fame;
And taught to feel my sin and woe,
Will to thy wounds for shelter go.

AFTER SERMON.

HYMN 89. 7s. *Burnham.*

1 GLORY to our sov'reign Lord,
For this precious gospel word;
We adore the sacred name,
Of the great atoning Lamb.

2 Free salvation we have found,
By the gospel's joyful sound;
How we love the heav'nly news!
May we ne'er the same abuse.

3 Oh, thou everlasting Lord,
We admire the sacred word,
Which displays such wond'rous grace,
Thro' the dying Prince of Peace.

HYMN 90. S.M. *Burnham.*

1 JESUS, we hear thy word,
And solid pleasure find;
The gospel trumpet sweetly sounds,
And charms the thoughtful mind.

2 Ne'er may our souls forget
The words of such a friend;
But love his person, works, and ways,
And all his paths attend.

3 Lord, may we grow in grace,
Grow in celestial love;
Soon may we leave thy courts below,
And dwell with thee above.

HYMN 91. S. M. *Anon.*

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 WITH hearts and lips unfeign'd,
We praise thee for thy word;
We bless thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming Lord.

2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas given:

3 So let thy powerful voice,
Accomplish thy design;
Distil on all our thirsty souls,
And consecrate us thine.

4 Water thy sacred seed,
And give it great increase;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

HYMN 92. 148th. *Anon.*

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our pow'rs;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is our's;
Our praises, Lord, and pray'rs receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 Oh, grant that each of us,
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear!
And follow thee to heav'n, our home;
Ev'n so, amen, Lord Jesus, come!

HYMN 93. 8.7.4, *Anon.*

1 LORD, we thank thee for the favour,
Of the gospel's joyful sound;
May the love of Christ the Saviour,
In thy people's hearts be found.
May the praise of
Christ, from ev'ry heart resound.

2 May we ever prize the treasure,
That within thy word we find,
Love and mercy without measure,
Which supports the drooping mind,
Christ will ever
To his children prove most kind.

3 Lord, bestow a gracious shower,
Water ev'ry longing heart;
Let us prove thy saving power,
'Ere we from thy house depart:
Then shall praises
Flow from ev'ry thankful heart.

HYMN 94. L. M. *Kent.*

Pleading the Promise.

1 WHEN Zion's sons, Great God! appear
In Zion's courts, for praise and pray'r;
Then, in thy Spirit, deign to be
As one with those who worship thee.

2 Without thine overshad'wing wings,
No sweets the gospel message brings;
Fetter'd the herald's tongue appears,
Till his Great Master's feet he hears.

3 Confirm the weak and feeble knees,
Unfold the gospel promises;
The truth we hear, do thou apply,
Nor let a waiter's fleece be dry.

4 Then shall we count the season dear,
To those who speak, or those who hear;
And all conspire with sweet accord,
In hymns of joy to praise the Lord.

DISMISSION.

HYMN 95. 8.7.4. *Burnham.*

1 NOW we all with grateful spirits,
Join to bless the Prince of Peace;
Praise him for imparted favours,
Praise him for displays of grace,
Lovely temple,
When the Lord is in the place.

2 Here we often meet together,
Meet, and mutual pleasures know,
For we meet the Lord of glory,
And from him rich blessings flow.
His dear presence,
Yields a paradise below.

3 But how soon our joys are over,
Then how often we complain,
Oft lament these parting seasons,
As they bring returning pain.
But in glory,
We shall meet, nor part again.

4 Then in all harmonious concert,
Each shall aim to praise thee most,
And the sounding hallelujahs,
Charm the whole angelic host.
Ever praising,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 96. C. M. *Burnham.*

Parting.

1 NOW will we praise the Lord of Hosts,
For tokens of his love;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who reigns enthron'd above.

2 Now we'll rejoice in him alone,
And praise him for his grace,
Since the dear Lord has kindly shown
The beauties of his face.

3 Lord, give the richer fruits of love,
To swell our grateful lays,
Let not a soul from hence remove,
Without a song of praise.

4 One with the Lord, 'tis hard to part,
With those so truly dear,
Yet, it delights a gracious heart,
That Jesus has been here.

5 Soon may we reach the happy shore,
And find eternal peace:
There the dear saints shall part no more,
But reign on thrones of bliss.

6 There shall we sing with flaming tongues,
And dying love resound,
Jesus himself applaud the songs,
And smile on all around.

HYMN 97. 8.7.4. *Burnham.*

The same.

1 LORD, before we leave thy temple,
Sweetly seal each waiting heart;
Shortly may we reign in glory,
One with thee, no more to part.
Reign in glory,
Praising God with all the heart.

2 There in all triumphant splendour,
We shall all thy love explore,
And through one eternal sabbath
Shout thy name for evermore.
All in raptures,
We shall wonder and adore.

HYMN 98. P. M. *Burnham.*

The same.

1 JESUS, now before we part,
Kindly show thy tender heart;
While we bow before thee,
While we all adore thee,
Sealing mercy now impart:
Thee would we praise with cheerful tongues,
And sound thine endless glories,
In all harmonious songs.
Soon may we meet in realms above,
And dwell for ever in thy love;
There we shall praise thy name alone,
And sing triumphant round the throne,
Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

2 O thou lovely Prince of Peace,
We shall see thee face to face;
We shall shine in splendour,
Gaze with smiling wonder,
All amidst the reigning grace.
Loud shall we shout atoning blood,
And sing in sweetest union,
With all the sons of God.
Parting shall now no more be known,
But mutual concert fill the throne:
There we shall all with one pure flame,
In one grand chorus praise the Lamb.
Hallelujah, Praise the Lamb.

HYMN 99. C. M. *Burnham.*

The same.

1 FROM the dear flock of Jesu's saints,
How painful 'tis to go!
But such must be our sad complaints,
While trav'ling here below.

2 If parting now so grieves each heart,
That's knit to Zion's head,
Then surely Jesus ne'er will part
With those for whom he bled!

3 True must his word for ever stand;
Then he'll ne'er leave his sheep;
But in the hollow of his hand,
Their souls he'll ever keep.

4 He'll train them up, thro' grace divine,
A kingdom to possess;
There shall their souls for ever shine,
In perfect love and peace.

5 What a delightful company,
Shall meet on Canaan's shore!
Oh what a meeting that will be,
When parting is no more!

6 Then round the shining throne above,
We'll sing in cheerful strains;
Sound the dear Saviour's dying love,
O'er all the heav'nly plains.

HYMN 100. C. M. *Newton.*

The same.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go:
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his work below.

3 O may we ever walk with him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Out of his fullness still receive,
And plenteous grace for grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN 101. S. M. *Hart.*

The same.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies ev'ry heart,
Sing ev'ry tongue the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow;
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

HYMN 102. C. M. *Smith.*

1 COME ye redeemed of the Lord,
And hail your gracious King;
Now raise your voice with one accord,
And of his goodness sing.

2 Sing of his everlasting love,
And of his matchless grace;
Now join the theme with them above,
Who see him face to face.

3 Sing of his promise full and free,
To all his chosen race;
Sing of his death and victory,
And shout eternal grace.

4 Sing of his righteousness divine,
That rich and costly robe;
In which the saints for ever shine,
Before the throne of God.

5 Sing of his name, that matchless name,
Who makes the Heaven above;
Sing thou of him who bore thy shame,
And shout eternal love.

PERFECTIONS OF JEHOVAH.

HYMN 103. L. M. *Burnham.*

The Wisdom of God.

1 ANGELIC beings ne'er could tell,
How God with sinful man could dwell;
But the great wisdom of our God,
Open'd the path in Jesu's blood.

2 Jehovah's wisdom drew the plan,
How to restore apostate man;
Wisdom employ'd the Prince of Peace,
To save a guilty ruin'd race.

3 Jesus came down to dwell with men,
Their great salvation to obtain;
And now in wisdom loudly cries,
Sinners, behold—THE SAVIOUR DIES!!

4 'Tis wisdom shews all nature's loss,
Points to the all-atoning cross;
Well she explains the sacred blood,
And brings a num'rous train to God.

5 More of thy wisdom, Lord, impart,
And make us all more wise in heart;
Make us, O make us, wise to know
The paths in which thy saints should go.

6 Direct us, Lord, in all our ways,
And form us for eternal praise;
May we at last with Jesus dwell,
And sing, "the Lord doth all things well!"

HYMN 104. 8. 7. *Burnham.*

Creation and Redemption.

1 ALL creation, big with wonder,
Sheds her author's name abroad;
And her language, ever teaching,
Speaks the wonders of a God:

But creation, vast and glorious,
With her wide extended fame,
Must in point of worth and grandeur,
Shrink before Immanuel's name.

2 That great Person once expiring,
Bleeding human guilt away,
Far exceeds all admiration,
Brings an everlasting day.
How to prize a soul redemption,
Saints are strangely at a loss;
For new scenes of endless glory,
E'er will open from the cross.

3 O, my soul, to speak of Jesus,
Human tongues are almost vain;
Thrones of bliss in realms eternal,
Dying love can best explain.
Soon may I ascend in triumph,
'Midst a world of flaming lays;
Reign with millions all transported,
'Midst the songs of noblest praise.

HYMN 105. 148. *Burnham.*

The Wisdom of God.

1 HOW bright fair wisdom shines,
In all the plan of grace,
When she ordains the Son,
To save the chosen race.
The great atonement now she moves,
And all the heart of God approves.

2 Here mercy, truth, and peace,
Join with a pure delight,
Perfections all divine,
Divinely all unite;
And wisdom sings in noblest strains,
While justice smiles, and mercy reigns.

3 Through all the hills of time
And sorrows of the way,
Unerring wisdom guides
And points to brighter day;
In all the various paths we move,
She shews the vast designs of love.

4 More may we see the hand
That opens all the road,
And wisely leads us on
Up to the throne of God;
There we shall all in glory shine,
And sing of wisdom all divine.

HYMN 106. L. M. *Kent,*

Everlasting Love.

1 'TWAS with an everlasting love,
That God his own elect embrac'd,
Before he made the world above,
Or earth on her huge columns plac'd.

2 Long ere the sun's refulgent ray,
Primeval shades of darkness drove;
They on his sacred bosom lay,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

3 Then, in the glass of his decrees,
Christ and his bride appear'd as one;
Her sin, by imputation, his,
While she in spotless splendour shone.

4 O love, how high thy glories swell,
How great, immutable, and free;
Ten thousand sins, as black as hell,
Are swallowed up, O love, in thee.

5 Lov'd when a wretch defil'd with sin,
At war with heaven in league with hell,
A slave to every lust obscene,
Who living, liv'd but to rebel.

6 Believer, here thy comfort stands,
From first to last, salvation's free;
And everlasting love demands
An everlasting song from thee.

HYMN 107. 148th. *Kent.*

The same.

1 WITH David's Lord and ours,
A cov'nant once was made,
Whose bonds, are firm and sure,
Whose glories ne'er shall fade;
Sign'd by the sacred Three in One,
In mutual love, ere time begun.

2 Firm as the lasting hills,
This cov'nant shall endure,
Whose potent shalls and wills,
Make every blessing sure:
When ruin shakes all nature's frame,
Its jots and tittles stand the same.

3 Here the vast seas of grace,
Love, peace, and mercy flow,
That all the blood-bought race,
Of men or angels know:
Oh, sacred deep without a shore,
Who shall thy limits e'er explore?

4 Here, when thy feet shall fall,
Believer, thou shalt see
Grace to restore thy soul,
And pardon, full and free:
Thee with delight shall God behold,
A chosen sheep in Zion's fold.

5 And when thro' Jordan's flood,
Thy God shall bid thee go,
His arms shall thee defend,
And vanquish every foe;
And in this cov'nant, thou shalt view,
Sufficient strength to bear thee through.

HYMN. 108. C. M. *Anon.*

Divine Grace. Rom. vi. 1.

1 GRACE! how melodious is the sound!
What music to our ears!
Spread the sweet accent far around,
That heav'n and earth may hear.

2 Where sin, abounding sin, hath reign'd,
Grace reigns, abounding more:
Behold an ocean here, without
A bottom or a shore!

3 From the high heav'n's eternal throne,
It overflows our earth,
When Christ, the first-born Son, came down,
And angels hail'd his birth.

4 Grace was the theme, the glad'ning theme,
Of their astonished strains;
Grace, free, abounding grace to man,
Thro' all their anthems reigns.

5 And shall we still persist in sin,
That grace may yet abound!
Forbid it, Lord, nor let the thought
Within our hearts be found.

HYMN 109. 148. *Burnham.*

Faithfulness of God.

1 MOUNT Zion's faithful King,
Proclaims in faithfulness,
That ev'ry needful thing,
His children shall possess;
Then may we ever sound abroad,
"Great is the faithfulness of God."

2 He's faithful to regard,
The promises of grace,
And all he hath declar'd,
Shall surely come to pass;
And his dear saints will sound abroad,
"Great is the faithfulness of God."

3 None could e'er truly say,
They sought the Lord in vain,
He'll evermore display,
His love to seeking men;
And they delight to sound abroad,
"Great is the faithfulness of God."

4 O Lord, thy word fulfil,
Thy presence now make known;
Now, now, dear Lord, reveal
The glories of thy throne;
Then will thy children sound abroad,
"Great is the faithfulness of God."

HYMN 110. P. M.

The unchangeable Love and Faithfulness of God.

1 WHILE Jesus in love my affection engages,
With softest emotion my soul does o'er-flow;
This sweet consolation each trouble assuages;
He'll ne'er cease to love me, ah never! Oh no.

2 No dart, though satanic, no strong accusation,
No watery deep, through which burden'd I go;
No sin, no uncleanness, no hellish temptation,
Can change his affection, ah never! Oh no.

3 Drove out of myself, my own righteousness loathing,
To Christ my dear Saviour, for shelter I go:
He graciously feeds me, and gives me a clothing,
And ne'er will forsake me, ah never! Oh no.

4 I cling to his cross, here I see my salvation,
'Tis finished, complete, I'm redeem'd from all woe;
I read and rejoice there is no condemnation,
To those in Christ Jesus: ah never! Oh no.

5 Since Christ is my Head, this with joy I remember;
His body, to which with affection I glow,
Although I'm the most insignificant member,
Can't be full without me, ah never! Oh no.

6 Triumphantly glorious our Head has ascended,
O'er death and the grave all their pow'r laying low;
This gains us a rising when time shall be ended,
Death no more shall hold us, ah never! Oh no.

7 We look, and we long for thy glorious appearing,
Thy pleasure at home we more fully shall know;
Safe lodg'd in thy arms, all thy glory then sharing,
Nor leave thee for ever, ah never! Oh no.

8 No more shall we mourn that thy face thou'rt concealing,
No satan, no sin, base intruders below;
But ever behold thee, fresh glories revealing,
Amen, Hallelujah, come Lord, even so.

HYMN 111. 8.7. *Burnham.*

Faithfulness of God.

1 O MY soul, admire the Saviour,
On his faithfulness rely,
Swears the glorious King immortal,
"I will all thy wants supply;
"Give thee rich eternal blessings,
"Prove an ever faithful friend;
"Give thee all my free salvation,
"Give thee glory in the end."

2 Hark, my soul, it is the charmer,
Speaking, from the mercy seat,
All whose words are true and faithful,
And his voice divinely sweet;
Now may I rejoice for ever,
All in God is surely mine;
Oaths and promises surround me,
Made in faithfulness divine.

3 Now, thou kind and faithful Saviour,
All thy faithfulness proclaim,
With eternal songs of praises,
May we glorify thy name;
Lead us through the vale of sorrow,
To thy dear and bright abode,
There to sing with grateful wonder,
All the faithfulness of God.

HYMN 112. 104. *Smith.*

1 O JESUS, my Lord,
Thou fountain of grace;
How sweet is thy word,
And footsteps to trace;
Therein I discover,
What Jesus can do;
My Friend and my Brother,
Whose hand brings me thro'.

2 Tho' day after day,
Perplexed with care;
Yet he leads the way,
And gives me to share:

His mercy and goodness,
So rich and so free;
His love, O how boundless,
Bestow'd upon me.

3 My table is spread,
In spite of my foes;
He gives me my bread,
Altho' they oppose:
My needs he for ever,
Will surely supply;
For, bless him, he'll never
His promise deny.

4 He not only feeds me,
But cloathes me besides;
In all things I see,
For me he provides;
In all my distresses,
However severe;
My grief he redresses,
And banishes fear.

HYMN 113. 8s. *Burnham.*

The Mercy of God.

1 ALL glory to mercy we bring,
The mercy that reigns evermore,
The infinite mercy we sing,
The mercy eternal adore.

2 The mercy converting we prize,
In mercy forgiving delight,
For conquering mercy we rise,
We rise, and triumphantly fight.

3 And when we are wounded by sin,
And scarcely a prayer can repeat,
The mercy that heals us again,
Is mercy transportingly sweet.

4 What though in the furnace we fall,
Free mercy the Saviour proclaims;
For mercy in Jesus we call,
And glorify God in the flames.

5 For mercy upholding we pray,
For mercy confirming aspire,
For mercy that leads on the way
To God, and the glorified choir.

6 Lord, more of thy mercy display,
For all of thy mercy we love,
And mercy shall bear us away,
To regions immortal above.

HYMN 114. C. M. *Burnham.*

The same.

1 WHEN a poor sinner doth bemoan,
His mis'ry, guilt, and shame;
Mercy takes wing, and hastens down,
To sound the Saviour's name.

2 Refulgent mercy doth delight,
To show her lovely charms;
Sinners are ravished with the sight,
And sink within her arms.

3 When from the Lord the saints depart,
Mercy sends forth a cry;
Soon she dissolves the stubborn heart,
And gives the weeping eye.

4 When pard'ning mercy thus appears,
In great Immanuel's face,
She smiles away ten thousand fears,
And fills the soul with peace.

5 Then O how mercy sweetly draws,
The heav'n-born child of God,
To walk in all his Father's laws,
And prize the Saviour's blood.

6 Now may we all on Jesus gaze,
And view rich mercy's store;
And see her in her fullest blaze,
And mercy now adore.

HYMN 115. L. M. *Medley.*

Power of God. Sam. xv. 1.

1 JEHOVAH is a God of might,
He fram'd the earth, he built the sky;
And what he speaks is surely right,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

3 Ye weary souls, with fear opprest,
To him in every trouble fly:
His promise is, "I'll give you rest,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

3 Then why shut down beneath despair?
To Jesu's throne of grace apply;
His promise shall, he'll hear your prayer,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

4 Ask what you will in Christ's name,
He never will your suit deny;
To save you from the chief harm,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

5 Behold! I stand at your door,
And on thy [illegible]
In my distress [illegible]
"The strength of Israel will not lie!"

[illegible]

[illegible] on works rely,

3 Tis grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,
Tis grace supports in ev'ry loss;
In Jesu's grace my soul is strong,
Grace is my hope and Christ my song.

4 Tis grace defends when danger's near;
By grace alone I persevere;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love,
Free grace is all they sing above.

5 Thus 'tis alone of grace I boast;
And 'tis in grace alone I trust;
For all that's past grace is my theme,
For what's to come 'tis still the same.

6 Tho' endless years of grace I'll sing,
Adore and bless my heavenly king;
I'll cast my crown before his throne,
And shout free grace to him alone.

HYMN 117. S. M. Burnham.

Admiration of Sovereign Grace.

1 GRACE ordered the triune God,
Lost sinners to redeem;
Grace is the evidence of ev'ry good,
And grace shall be my theme.

2 Grace, what a thrilling sound!

3 Thro' grace I'll conquer hell,
And break infernal chains;
Thro' grace, my soul aspires to heav'n,
Where the Redeemer reigns.

4 Grace the good work begins,
And grace completes the same;
Grace shall constrain my soul to raise
Hosannahs to the Lamb!

5 From this abounding grace,
Daily I draw supplies;
Grace is the never-ceasing spring
Of all my sacred joys.

6 And when I meet my Lord,
And join the gracious throng,
Grace shall inspire my soul to sing,
And grace be all the song.

HYMN 118. C. M. *Row.*

The Love of God.

1 JEHOVAH fix'd his wond'rous love
On us, in Christ his Son;
Amazing grace that shines above
Whate'er besides was done.

2 The spring of pure eternal joy
Is found in love divine;
Dear Lord, our noblest pow'rs employ,
To praise such love as thine.

2 The highest union to the Lamb
Eternally it gave;
And form'd the high and heav'nly plan,
By which our souls to save.

4 Redemption fully, freely flows
From this eternal love;
And he who feels deliverance, knows
Its source is from above.

5 From love the sacred Spirit comes
To sanctify our souls;
In love he guides us safely home,
And reigning sin controls.

HYMN 119. C. M. *Row.*

God's Love displayed in the Death of the Cross.

1 SUCH was the love our Father, God,
Display'd to sinners here;
That Christ his first born Son was slain,
To bring his brethren near.

2 And now we sing his wond'rous death,
Through which the love shall run,
To make us chaunt in higher strains,
The triumph of his Son.

3 Unequall'd love was then made known,
When Jesus came to die,
And bear the law's tremendous curse,
That we might rise on high.

4 The suff'rings of the Saviour's cross
So much of love express;
That all who see and feel it here,
Its greatness must confess.

5 They shall declare the boundless love
That none can fully tell;
Though all the blood-bought race shall on
The sacred subject dwell.

HYMN 120. C. M. *Burnham.*

Admiration of Sovereign Grace.

1 VILE as the vilest once I lay,
Buried in all my guilt;
But Jesus spake and bid me pray,
Then what a change I felt.

2 Still a much greater, when his love
Shone from the radiant throne;
Then did my spirit mount above,
And praise his name alone.

3 But why did Jesus show to me
The beauties of his face;
Why to my soul did he convey
The blessings of his grace?

4 O how could he so sweetly smile
On such a wretch as I;
I, who his name did so revile,
And his dear truth deny!

5 But 'twas because he lov'd my soul,
Because he died for me,
Because that nothing could control
His great his firm decree.

6 Lord, for thy manifested grace,
I'll raise a cheerful song,
'Till I shall see thy brighter face
'Midst the celestial throng.

PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 121. 8. 7. *Burnham.*

Providence.

1 O WHAT dangers all distressing,
Now ensnare the pilgrims feet;
Gloomy sorrows still encreasing,
Swell the present changing state.
Sometimes things around are cheering,
Grace and providence unite;
Nought but mercy seems appearing,
Yielding peace and vast delight.

2 But new trials soon surround us,
Then succeed abounding cares;
Creatures all conspire to wound us,
And no help from heaven appears.
O for faith and growing patience,
Under ev'ry gracious rod;
For we still shall sing salvation,
Wrought by Zion's faithful God.

3 Jesus, keep us more dependant,
Till our trials all shall end;
Then we mount the throne resplendent,
There to see our dearest friend:
There on thee be ever gazing,
Charm'd with thy refulgent face;
Fill'd with glory, e'er be praising
Free, redeeming, sov'reign grace!

HYMN 122. 8s. *Newton.*

Saints the Objects of Special Providence.

1 ELIJAH'S example declares,
Whatever distress may betide,
The saints may commit all their cares
To him who will surely provide:
When rain long withheld from the earth,
Occasion'd a famine of bread,
The prophet, secur'd from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.

2 More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens, who live upon prey!
But when the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way:
This instance to those may be strange
Who know not how faith can prevail;
But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of God's promises fail.

3 How safe and how happy are they,
Who on the good Shepherd rely!
He gives them out strength for their day,
Their wants he will surely supply:

He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey his command;
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

HYMN 123. C. M. *Anon.*

Providence reviewed. Psalm civ. 1—5.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O, my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least, a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
But, Oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

HYMN 124. L. M. *Burnham.*

Reflections on Providence.

1 LORD, thou hast led our weary feet,
In dreary paths thro' trials great;
But sov'reign mercy still appears,
While mourning in a vale of tears.

2 Tho' faint, we eye thy great command,
Thy tender heart, thy mighty hand;
And still we march to endless day,
Kindly supported all the way.

3 More may we see in all the road,
How all things daily work for good;
How all the gloomy woes we meet,
Sweetly endear a mercy-seat.

4 We pray, and help divine descends;
We pray, and God himself defends;
We pray, and find immortal food,
We pray, and travel on to God.

5 May we we go on with all the wise,
To seek a rest beyond the skies;
And all at last in glory meet,
To prove salvation all complete.

HYMN 125. 10s. *Newton.*

Genesis, xxii. 8, 14.

1 THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing assures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith make us bold;
For, though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

3 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro',
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide.

HYMN 126. C. M. *Smith.*

1 JEHOVAH-NISSI—now display,
Thy banner for thy saints;
Bid them march on the heavenly way,
And comfort him who faints.

2 Bid them go forward in thy name,
And gird their armour on;
And now display thy matchless fame,
Their feeble hearts make strong.

3 Tho' thousand foes beset the way,
While marching thro' the land;
Yet nothing can their souls dismay,
If thou art near at hand.

4 The Lord his banner will expand,
And will protect from harm;
Jehovah-Nissi—is at hand,
And will make bare his arm.

5 The Lord 's the banner of his flock,
And will for them appear;
And tho' they meet with many a shock,
He will o'ercome their fear.

6 Jehovah-Nissi—glorious name,
My banner daily be;
Then with thy saints I will proclaim,
Thy wond'rous works to me.

HYMN 127. 8.8.6. *Original.*

1 CAST on this earth a feeble worm,
Where grief and pain in varied form,
Hard press on every side;
My only refuge from despair,
Is the assurance God is near,
And surely will provide.

2 Should darkness all his steps surround,
My feeble reason quite confound,
And his deep counsels hide;
He in the whirlwinds and the storms,
His righteous sov'reign plan performs,
And will for me provide.

3 Ye poor who live upon his care,
Like birds that wing the ambient air,
Whate'er may you betide;
Distrust not his all-bounteous hand,
Tho' weak you are a chosen band,
He will for you provide.

4 When clouds and rains and threat'ning skies,
At distance place pure harvest joys,
In heavenly love confide;
His truth is firm and will prevail,
Nor seed nor harvest time shall fail,
Jehovah will provide.

5 Yes,—days of clouds and rain are gone,
The sun delights his course to run,
And pour his glories wide;
Hence from this present joyful hour,
My faith shall rest upon that power,
Who can and will provide.

HYMN 128. C. M. *Newton.*

1 MANNA to Israel well supply'd
The want of other bread;
While God is able to provide,
His people shall be fed.

2 Thus, tho' the corn and wine should fail,
And creature streams be dry,
The pray'r of faith will still prevail,
For blessings from on high.

3 Of his kind care how sweet a proof!
It suited ev'ry taste:
Who gathered most had just enough,
Enough, who gather'd least.

4 'Tis thus our gracious Lord provides
Our comforts and our cares;
His own unerring hand provides,
And gives us each our shares.

5 He knows how much the weak can bear,
And helps them when they cry;
The strongest have no strength to spare,
For such he'll strongly try.

6 Daily they saw the manna come,
And cover all the ground;
But what they try'd to keep at home,
Corrupted soon was found.

7 Vain their attempts to store it up,
This was to tempt the Lord;
Israel must live by faith and hope,
And not upon a hoard.

HYMN 129. 7s. *Newton.*

"He careth for you."

1 NOW I see, whate'er betide,
All is well if Christ be mine;
He has promis'd to provide:
May he teach me to resign!

2 When a sense of sin and thrall
Forc'd me to the sinner's friend,
He engag'd to manage all,
By the way and to the end.

3 "Cast," he said, "on me thy care,
'Tis enough that I am nigh:
I will all thy burdens bear;
I will all thy wants supply."

4 Lord, I would indeed submit,
Gladly yield my all to thee,
What thy wisdom sees most fit,
Must be, surely, best for me.

5 Only when the way is rough,
And the coward flesh, would start,
Let thy promise and thy love,
Cheer and animate my heart.

HYMN 130. C. M. *Newton.*

What shall I render.

1 FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive,
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth!
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgement I'll make
For all he has bestow'd,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

5 I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most,

HYMN 131. 8.7. *Swain.*

The Way, Hope, and End of the Christian.

1 THUS far on our way to Zion,
We through grace divine are come;
And the Friend whom we rely on,
Soon will bid us welcome home.

2 Grace and truth our steps attending,
Safe we still shall walk along,
Till our destin'd journey ending,
Truth and grace shall be our song.

3 Then these eyes, which now with sadness
Oft in transient clouds appear,
Shall be deck'd with beams of gladness,
Never more to shed a tear.

4 Then these hearts, which now so often
Not the sharpest threats can move,
Nor the sweetest word can soften,
Shall be all dissolv'd in love.

HYMN 132. 104th. *Swain.*

Christian Encouragement.

1 THO' foes in the way we oftentimes meet,
And Satan will lay fresh snares for our feet,
Our journey to Zion we still will pursue;
The God we rely on is faithful and true.

2 Tho' we may seem small to those whom we fear,
Yet what are they all when Jesus is near?
His grace and his Spirit for us are employed;
His blood and his merit are both on our side.

3 Then what shall we fear? In life and in death
His Spirit can cheer our hope and our faith;
In sweet expectation we'll wait till he come;
The Lord our salvation will soon fetch us home.

PERSON AND WORK OF CHRIST.

HYMN 133. 7s. *Newton.*

Praise for the Incarnation.

1 SWEETER sounds than music knows,
Charms me in Emanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high;
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And can'st thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No, I must my praises bring,
Tho' they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O, my Saviour, Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Ev'ry precious Name in one,
I will love thee without end.

HYMN 134. S. M. *Smith.*

1 COME, Sinners, raise your voice,
And hymns of glory sing;
With angels you may now rejoice,
And humble tribute bring.

2 For you the Lord appears,
Wrapp'd up in human form;
And in a manger humbly lays,
And deigns to be a worm.

3 In all things like to us,
The Son of God became;
The glory of his Father's grace,
The Father's only Son.

4 Our elder brother dear,
His beauty none can trace;
In all things like us did appear,
And matchless is his grace.

5 The wretched and forlorn,
May join in the blest theme;
For unto them a Saviour's born,
In little Bethlehem.

6 Come then behold his face,
The meek and lowly Lamb;
The Child that's born, the Son that's giv'n,
And yet the great I AM.

HYMN 135. 104. *Smith.*

1 POOR Jacob rejoice,
And Israel now sing;
Come lift up your voice,
To Jesus your king,
In David's own city,
Thy Saviour is born;
Come needy and filthy,
Distrest and forlorn.

2 Thy heart may be hard,
Thy fears very great;
But, thus saith the Lord,
Still look up and wait.
Old Simeon, he waited
For many a year;
Nor was disappointed,
Then be of good cheer.

3 The promise fulfill'd,
The Saviour is come;
The gift is reveal'd,
The work is now done:
Oh, love everlasting,
Both matchless and free;
And from everlasting,
To Sinners like me.

HYMN. 130. 11s. *Anon.*

Rejoicing in the Incarnation of Christ.

1 MY God, my Creator, the heavens did bow
To ransom offenders, and stoop'd very low;
The body prepared by the Father assumes,
And on the kind errand most joyfully comes.

2 O, wonder of wonders! astonish'd I gaze,
To see in the manger the Ancient of Days;
And angels proclaiming the Stranger forlorn,
And telling the Shepherds that Jesus is born!

3 For thousands of sinners the Lord bow'd his head,
For thousands of sinners he groan'd and he bled:
My spirit rejoices, the work it is done;
My soul is redeemed, salvation is won.

4 Dear Jesus, my Saviour, thy truth I embrace,
Thy name and thy nature, thy spirit and grace;
And trace the pure footsteps of Jesus my Lord,
And glory in him, whom proud sinners abhorr'd.

5 My God is returned to glory on high;
When death wakes a passage, then to him I'll fly
And join in the song of all praise through his blood,
To Three who are One in the essence of God.

6 Could we bear from one another
What bodily bears from us?
Yet this union, O dear brother,
Love's one heart, one soul, one mind, one will, one blood.

1 The, for great [illegible]
He accounts us brothers all.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, unbounded love.

2 O! he spoke, and it was done,
To Rest when bad angel fell;
And we will love him as we ought,
Which of all our friends do save us,
Could we repay dear blood?

3 For [illegible]
Because all in [illegible]

1 IN Christ, [illegible]
His Spirit [illegible]
With bounteous [illegible]
And Christ [illegible]

4 Christ [illegible]
5 Christ [illegible]
And made [illegible]
Helpless [illegible]
He [illegible]

4 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

5 Could we bear from one another
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us tho' we treat him thus;
Tho' for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

6 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

HYMN 138. L. M. Amen.

All in All. Col. iii. 11.

1 IN Christ I've all my soul's desire;
His Spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes large and high,
And Christ will all my wants supply.

2 Christ is my hope, my strength, my guide,
For me he bled, and groan'd and died;
He is my sun to give me light,
He is my soul's supreme delight.

3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,
My wisdom and my righteousness;
My Saviour, brother and my friend,
On him alone I now depend.

4 Christ is my king, to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress;
He's my salvation and my all,
Whate'er on earth shall me befal.

5 Christ is my strength and portion too,
My soul in him can all things do;
Thro' him I'll triumph o'er the grave,
And death and hell my soul outbrave.

HYMN 139. 112th. *Cennick.*

Fountain, Isaiah iv. 1. John v. 4.

1 HO! ye despairing sinners, hear,
Ye thirsty sin-sick souls draw near;
Here's water, whose all-pow'rful stream,
Shall quench your thirst, and wash you clean,
Its healing pow'r has always wrought,
Beyond the reach of human thought.

2 Bethesda's pool is not like this,
Nor heals nor cures such leprosies;
Nor Siloam's streams, nor Jordan's flood,
Could to my heart seem half so good;
'Tis Jesu's blood, that crimson sea,
That washeth guilt and filth away.

3 To this dear Fountain I'll repair,
With all the wounds and pains I bear;
I'll keep my station near its side,
And wash and drink, and there abide;
Nor from the sacred streams remove,
'Till taken to their source above.

HYMN 140. L. M. *Brewer.*

Hiding Place. Isaiah xxxii. 2.

1 HAIL, sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul an hiding-place!

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd his rich abounding grace,
Too proud to seek an hiding-place.

3 Inwrapt in thick Egyptain night,
And fond of darkness more than light;
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without an hiding-place.

4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty love,—arrest that man:—"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

5 Indignant justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But justice cried with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

6 Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel-form appear'd;
She led me on with gentle pace,
To Jesus as my hiding-place.

7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.

8 Should storms of seven-fold vengeance roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No flaming bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place.

9 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

HYMN 141. 6.7. *Hart.*

Gethsemane.

1 HITHER, Lord, thou did'st resort,
Oft-times with thy little train;
Here would'st keep thy private court;
Oh! confer that grace again.
Lord, resort with worthless me,
Oft-times to Gethsemane!

2 True, I can't deserve to share
In a favour so divine,
But since sin first fixed thee there,
None have greater sins than mine:
And to this, my woeful plea,
Witness thou, Gethsemane!

3 Sins against a holy God;
Sins against his righteous laws;
Sins against his love and blood;
Sins against his name and cause;
Sins immense, as is the sea,—
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

4 Here's my claim, and here alone;
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none;
No, not one good work to plead,
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane!

HYMN 142. 8. 7. *Stevens.*

Christ's blood a cleansing Fountain.

1 FLY, ye sinners, to yon mountain,
There a purple stream doth flow;
There you'll find an open fountain,
That will wash you white as snow.

2 Never ponder o'er your meanness,
But to Calv'ry all repair;
There's the fountain for uncleanness,
And the worst is welcome there.

3 Come, ye souls by sin distressed,
Plunge by faith beneath this flood,
Then you'll surely be released,
From the painful pond'rous load.

4 Richly flow'd the crimson river,
Down Immanuel's lovely side,
And that blood will you deliver,
Whensoever 'tis applied.

5 Christ is ready to receive you,
See his bloody cross appear,
From your sins he will relieve you,
And dissolve your every fear.

6 He will send his Holy Spirit,
With the doctrine of his death,
Who shall open all his merit,
And apply his blood through faith.

HYMN 143. C. M. *Anon.*

The Death of Christ.

1 BY faith my Christ I now behold,
On yonder gloomy tree,
He bleeds to put my sins away!
He dies, my soul for thee!

2 O, see the bleeding Prince of Life,
On Calv'ry's mount expire!
Muse on the wond'rous scene of love,
And reigning grace admire.

3 Stretch'd on the cross the Saviour hung,
Sustain'd thy heavy load,
Wash'd all thy dreadful crimes away,
In streams of richest blood.

4 Survey, ye Saints, the wond'rous Lamb,
Slain for the chosen seed;
God's justice now is satisfied,
And all the Church is freed.

5 Deeply affecting 'tis to see
Our Jesus bath'd in blood;
Viewing in him the crimson path,
That leads our souls to God.

6 Now in this consecrated road,
Oh! may we ever move,
Till heav'nly anthems fill our souls,
In the pure realms above.

HYMN 144. C. M. *Kent.*

The Death of Christ, the effect of God's love to his Chosen.

1 'TWAS not to make Jehovah's love
Towards the sinner flame,
That Jesus, from his throne above,
A suff'ring man became.

2 'Twas not the death which he endur'd,
Nor all the pangs he bore,
That God's eternal love procur'd,
For God was love before.

3 He lov'd the world of his elect,
With love surpassing thought;
Nor will his mercy e'er neglect
The soul so dearly bought.

4 The warm affections of his breast,
Towards his chosen burn;
And in this love he'll ever rest,
Nor from his oath return.

5 Still to confirm his oath of old,
See in the heav'ns his bow;
No fierce rebukes, but love untold,
Awaits his children now.

6 Oh, could my soul but realize
That sacred, joyful scene,
When all his saints, above the skies,
Shall round his throne convene.

HYMN 145. C. M. *Newton.*

The Name of Jesus. Canticles, i. 3.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a Believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury fill'd
With boundles stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 146. C. M. *Burnham.*

Praying for the Redeemer's mindfulness.

1 JESUS, my kind and gracious friend,
Simply I look to thee,
Now in the bowels of thy love;
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calv'ry's tree;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wond'rous Advocate with God,
I yield my soul to thee;
While thou art pleading on the throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or despis'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er forgotten here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And human help shall flee,
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,
O then, remember me.

HYMN 147. C.M. *Hill.*

Dear Lord remember me.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee!
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When groaning on my burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day!
For good remember me.

4 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
I'll hail reproach and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

5 The hour is near, consign'd to death,
I own the just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, remember me.

HYMN 148. L. M. *Medley.*

Christ in you the hope of Glory. Col. i. 27.

1 NOW let my soul to Jesus raise
A song of grateful, humble praise;
To him with joy will I look up,
For he's "the glory of my hope."

2 In all my trials, wants, and fears,
He kindly for me still appears;
He is my never-failing prop,
And all the glory of my hope.

3 What tho' he's pleased still to lay
Afflictions on me, day by day;
I'll drink the sweet, tho' bitter cup,
Since he's the glory of my hope.

4 Tho' weak and helpless still I am,
My strength and refuge is the Lamb;
He holds me still, nor shall I drop,
Since he's the glory of my hope.

5 His name I'll bless for all that's past;
He'll bring me safe to heav'n at last;
There shall I sing, and never stop,
To him, the glory of my hope.

HYMN 149. L. M. *Parrott.*

My springs are all in thee. Psalm lxxxvii, 7.

1 JESUS, thy praise my soul would sing.
From whom my ev'ry blessing spring;
Taught by thy grace I feel and see,
Dear Lord! my springs are all in thee!

2 Convinc'd of sin against my God,
I feel I need thy pard'ning blood,
Which on the cross was shed for me;
Dear Lord! my pardon springs from thee!

3 Cloth'd in thy righteousness divine,
By precious faith I call it mine;
From condemnation I am free,
My hope of glory springs from thee!

4 When to thy fulness I apply,
My soul receives a sweet supply;
Abundant grace, both rich and free,
Dear Lord! my springs are all in thee!

5 Since thou hast led me to believe,
On thee, my cov'nant head, I live;
Experience and thy word agree
To prove my springs are all in thee.

6 Yes, Lord! thou art my all in all!
Upheld by thee I cannot fall;
In heav'n I shall for ever sing,
Both grace and glory from thee spring.

HYMN 150. 8. 7. *Robinson.*

Looking to Christ.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend:
Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross we lie!
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye:
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven:
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe:
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death:
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all needs to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds, each day, more healing,
And myself more deeply know.

HYMN 151. L. M. *Lee.*

Know him. Phil. iii. 10.

1 'TIS life to know the dying Lamb,
Eternal life is in his name;
O may I in this knowledge grow;
And daily more of Jesus know.

2 Know him, to wash me in his blood,
Know him, to make my peace with God;
Know him, for strength and righteousness,
And know him for renewing grace.

3 Know him, as my exceeding joy,
Know him, my praises to employ;
Know him, as all my heart can wish,
And know him for eternal bliss.

HYMN 152. L. M. *Hoskins.*

Joseph my Son is yet alive. Gen. xlv, 28.

1 YE mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy groundless fears,
And let your heart with this revive,
That Jesus Chirst is yet alive.

2 His saints he loves, and never leaves;
The chief of sinners he receives;
Let then your hearts with this revive,
The sinner's friend is yet alive.

3 He'll guard your souls from ev'ry ill,
His largest promises fulfil;
Then let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.

4 Abundant grace he will afford,
Till you are present with the Lord;
And prove what you have heard before,
That Jesus lives for evermore.

HYMN 153. C. M. *Medley.*

Builder. Zech. vi. 13.

1 JESUS, how bright his glory shines,
In all his works above;
On earth his kind and wise designs
His church and people love.

2 He plans the temple of the Lord,
And all the building rears;
And be his holy name ador'd,
He all the glory bears.

3 The vast materials all he forms,
Nor love nor power he spares;
He guards the building from all harms,
And all the glory bears.

4 In this blest building, may my soul
A living stone appear;
And he the builder of the whole
Shall all the glory bear.

5 No,—not a stone shall be remov'd,
Which his dear hand has laid;
Throughout the whole his glory's show'd,
And all his grace display'd.

6 When he the topmost stone shall bring
To heav'n to see him there,
We shall the builder's praises sing,
And he the glory bear.

HYMN 154. L. M. *Medley.*

One thing needful. Luke x. 42.

1 JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee!

2 Needful art thou to make me live;
Needful art thou all grace to give;
Needful to guide me lest I stray,
Needful to help me ev'ry day.

3 Needful is thy most precious blood;
Needful is thy correcting rod;
Needful is thy indulging care,
Needful thy all prevailing pray'r.

4 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford?
Needful thy promise to impart
Fresh life and vigour to my heart:

5 Needful art thou to be my stay,
Thro' all life's dark and thorny way;
Nor less in death, thou'lt needful be,
When I yield up my soul to thee.

HYMN 155. C. M. *Hoskins.*

Pilot; or the Christian's Voyage. Acts, xxvii, 44.

1 NONE that embark at God's command,
For heav'n, can e'er be lost:
All safe escape to Canaan's land,
However tempest-tost.

2 The wind may blow, and storms arise,
And rocks and sands appear;
The Saviour to his people flies.
And bids them not to fear.

3 Tho' seeming on destruction's brink,
While the dread tempests roar;
However toss'd they shall not sink
But safely reach the shore.

4 Tho' neither sun nor stars appear;
For many days in sight:
Trust in the Lord, be of good cheer,
And he shall guide you right.

5 Then let the saints in God confide,
And on his promise rest;
They shall the storm of life outride,
And be for ever blest.

HYMN 186. 148th. *Ross.*

Christ precious. Peter ii. 7.

1 TO speak my Saviour's name,
And set his glory forth,
And sound abroad his fame,
And estimate his worth;
Would well employ th' angelic throng,
And shall engage my thankful tongue.

2 His person, grace, and might,
His offices, and love,
Are sources of delight
To ransom'd souls above;
In their loud songs I'll bear a part,
For Christ is precious to my heart.

3 My brother, surety, friend;
My prophet, priest, and king;
Faith's author, object, end:
Around his cross I'll cling;
His precious blood redeem'd my soul,
He found me maim'd and made me whole.

4 In comfort, and distress,
In freedom, and in thrall,
'Tis he alone can bless,
For he is all in all:
In life and death, O, may I find
My Jesus precious to my mind.

HYMN 157. 148th. *Herridge.*

Colossians, 1. 16.

1 ALL things in heav'n above,
And things on earth below;
All living things that move,
And lifeless matter too,
Created were by Jesus Christ,
And *for* his glory they subsist.

2 The fairest angel seen
In yonder arched sky,
Owes all his graceful mien
And all his dignity
To Jesu's will and powerful word,
And bows to Jesus as his Lord.

3 In him we live and move,
And have our being here,
Refreshed by his love,
And guarded by his care;
Thro' him behold the Father's face,
And taste the precious fruits of grace.

4 All glory is thy due,
And everlasting praise:
For holy, just, and true,
Art thou in all thy ways!
The best we can, we do above,
Yet help us, and we will do more.

HYMN 158. C. M. *Berridge.*

1 Peter, ii. 7.

1 EXCEEDING precious is my Lord,
His love divinely free!
And sure his name does health afford
To sickly souls like me.

2 It cheers a debtor's gloomy face,
And breaks his prison door;
It brings amazing stores of grace,
To feed the gospel-poor.

3 And if with lively faith we view
His dying toil and smart,
And hear him say, it was for you,
This breaks the stony heart.

4 An heavenly joy his words convey,
The bowels strangely move,
We blush, and melt, and faint away,
O'erwhelmed with his love.

5 In such sweet posture let me lie,
And wet thy feet with tears,
Till join'd with saints above the sky,
I tune my harp with their's.

HYMN 159. C. M. *Berridge.*

Ezekiel, xxxiv. 29.

1 THY glory, Jesus, fills the skies,
Plant of renown thou art,
A tree desir'd to make one wise,
And cheer a drooping heart!

2 Thou bearest ripe and goodly fruit,
Fresh blooming all the year,
Which every famish'd soul will suit,
And withering health repair.

3 Upon this fruit whoever feeds,
No want or care he knows,
None other food he seeks or needs,
This healeth all his woes.

4 No tree like this among the wood!
It grows on Calvary,
And, water'd well with Jesu's blood,
Bears choicest fruit for me.

5 The fruit is righteousness divine,
To cleanse and clothe my soul;
And all, who on the fruit can dine,
Are made completely whole.

6 Thy life and death are my repast,
The precious fruit of grace;
And when this dainty food I taste,
I live, and love, and bless.

HYMN 160. C. M. *Kent.*

Christ a Refuge.

1 CHRIST is the sinner's only friend,
Salvation's in his name;
His love to Zion, knows no end,
To endless years the same.

2 Christ is a Refuge in distress,
When tempests rage within,
Or when her foes around her press,
The world, death, hell, and sin.

3 The way, the glorious way to God,
Shines in his bleeding side;
From every stain of sin, that flood
Shall surely cleanse his bride.

4 Her life from danger is secure,
'Tis hid with Christ above;
Jehovah's throne stands not more sure,
Than his unchanging love.

5 Tho' still her sins displeasing are,
He views her in his Son;
Clad with his vesture, bright and fair,
She's like the Holy One.

6 For that blest hour she daily sighs,
When his dear face to view;
She, mounting to her native skies,
Shall bid all sin adieu.

HYMN 161. C. M. *Irons.*

Righteousness.

1 YE souls condemn'd by Sinai's law,
And sunk in deep distress,
To Calvary look, and comfort draw
From "Christ our Righteousness."

2 This is the name by which he's known,
The name his saints confess;
Gaze on him, humble soul, and own
"The Lord our Righteousness."

3 A title just, a pardon seal'd,
A spotless wedding dress,
Yea, grace and glory are reveal'd
In Christ, "our Righteousness."

4 O, that my faith could Jesus claim,
No more should doubts depress
Fain would I triumph in this Name,
"The Lord our Righteoutness."

HYMN 162. P. M. *Irons.*

Matthew, xxiii, 3.

1 A Servant of sin, by Satan enslav'd,
Alas! I have been all over deprav'd:
But Jesus forgave me, my prison door broke,
And promis'd to save me, to wear his bless'd
yoke.

2 No master so kind on earth can be found,
His service, I find, with honor is crown'd;
His work is most pleasant his servants all own,
When Jesus is present: they can't work alone.

3 My master is great, his vineyard is large;
He'll servants create, but never discharge;
His bounty engages, for life yet to come,
To give them their wages, and find them a home.

4 I love him so well, I will not go free,
For ever I'll tell he first loved me;
When standing before him to gaze on his face,
My soul shall adore him for glory and grace.

HYMN 163. S. M. D. *Hart.*

Characters and Offices of Christ.

1 CHRIST is th' eternal Rock,
On which his Church is built;
The Shepherd of his little flock;
The Lamb that took our guilt;
Our Counsellor; our Guide;
Our Brother, and our Friend;
The Bridegroom of his chosen Bride,
Who loves her to the end.

2 He is the Son to free;
The Bishop he to bless;
The full Propitiation he;
The Lord our Righteousness;

His Body's glorious Head;
Our Advocate that pleads;
Our Priest that pray'd, aton'd, and bled,
And ever intercedes.

3 Let all obedient souls
Their grateful tribute bring;
Submit to Jesu's righteous rules,
And bow before the King.
Our Prophet Christ expounds
His and our Father's will:
This good Physician cures our Wounds
With tenderness and skill.

4 When Sin had sadly made
'Twixt Wrath and Mercy strife;
Our dear Redeemer dearly paid
Our ransom with his life.
Faith gives the full release;
Our Surety for us stood;
The Mediator made the peace,
And sign'd it with his blood.

5 Soldiers, your Captain own:
Domestics, serve your Lord:
Sinners, the Saviour's love make known:
Saints, hymn th' incarnate Word;
The Witness sure and true
Of God's good will to men;
The Alpha and th' Omega too,
The first and last, Amen.

6 Poor Pilgrims shall not stray,
Who fright'ned flee from wrath:
A bleeding Jesus is the Way;
And blood tracks all the path.

Christians in Christ obtain
The Truth that can't deceive:
And never shall they die again
Who in the Life believe.

HYMN 164. L. M. *Kent.*

Christ a Refuge from the Storm.

1 GREAT Rock, for weary sinners made,
When storms of sin infest the soul;
Here let me rest my weary head,
When lightnings blaze and thunders roll.

2 Within the cliffs of his dear side,
There all his saints in safety dwell;
And what from Jesus shall divide?
Not all the rage of earth or hell.

3 Blest with the pardon of her sin,
My soul beneath thy shade would lie,
And sing the love that took me in,
And others left in sin to die.

4 O sacred covert from the beams
That on the weary trav'ller beat,
How welcome are thy shade and streams,
How blest, how sacred, and how sweet.

5 And when that awful storm takes place,
That hurls destruction far and near,
My soul shall refuge in thy grace,
And take her glorious shelter there.

6 To shake this Rock thy saints are in,
Tempest or storm shall ne'er prevail;
'Twill stand the blast of hell and sin;
An anchor sure within the vail.

HYMN 165. C. M. *Irons.*

Rock of Ages.

1 CHRIST is the "Rock of Ages," high,
Where all my hope is fixed;
Smitten for sin, he yields supply
Of living streams, unmix'd.

2 Christ is the Rock, from whence I see
Both friends and foes aright:
Thither my soul would daily flee,
And thence maintain the fight.

3 Christ is my Rock, on him I build,
My life, my hope, my all:
His promises shall be fulfill'd;
He will not let me fall.

4 Christ is my Rock, he firm endures,
And all my burden bears:
The soul that trusts him, he secures,
From sins, and foes, and snares,

5 Christ is my Rock, where lies my store
Of grace, and glory, vast:
Since Christ is mine, I can't be poor,
But shall have Heaven at last.

HYMN 166. 6.7. *Wilks.*

Christ the same yesterday, and for ever.

1 BRETH'REN let us look around,
To Creation's utmost bound;
Lo, this beauteous fabric shall
Into dire confusion fall:
But our Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on his Name.

2 Each dear object of our love,
Rending thought! must soon remove;
Wealth with all its glitt'ring shew,
Shortly will forsake us too;
But our Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on his Name.

3 Wisdom, Holiness, and Might,
Truth, and Justice, are his right;
Boundless goodness! love supreme!
Flow'd eternally from him:
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on his Name.

4 Will he now his grace deny,
Lay his wonted kindness by;
Will he, can he, say depart,
To the humble contrite heart?
No, our Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on his Name.

5 Let us to his throne repair,
Wait with humble patience there;
He will soon our suit attend,
Shew himself the sinner's friend:
Jesu's love is still the same,
Endless blessings on his Name.

HYMN 167. P. M. *Anon.*

The Church's Head.

1 HEAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore thee;
'Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.

2 We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

3 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, which tries our ways,
And ever brings us nigher.

4 We clap our hands, exulting
In thine Almighty favor;
The love divine, which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

5 By faith we see the glory,
To which thou shalt restore us;
The world despise for that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us.

6 And if thou coest as worthy,
We, each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to Heaven.

HYMN 168. L. M. *Medley.*

1 SING the dear Saviour's glorious name,
Who bears the Breaker's world-roll'd name;
Sweet name, and it becomes him well,
Who breaks down sin, death, and hell.

2 A mighty Breaker sure is he;
He broke my chains and set me free;
A gracious Breaker, O, we see
He breaks, and, O, he makes me whole.

3 He breaks the [illegible]
Which can my [illegible]
He breaks the hate [illegible]
The' rock, [illegible]
And man may change, he changeth not.

4 Great Breaker! O, [illegible]
Daily, to break my stony heart;
O, [illegible]
And break, O [illegible]

5 Topay the [illegible]
He truly [illegible]
And [illegible]
In [illegible]

HYMN 168.

Christ is the best Friend.

1 THERE is a Friend that sticketh fast,
And keeps his love from first to last,
And Jesus is his name:
As earthly brother drops his hold,
Is sometimes hot and sometimes cold,
But Jesus is the same.

2 He loves his people, great and small,
And grasping hard embraceth all,
Nor with a soul will part;
No tribulations which they feel,
No foes on earth, nor fiends of hell,
Shall tear them from his heart.

3 His love before all time began,
And thro' all time it will remain,
And evermore endures;
The' rocks and mountains are sometimes brought,
And men may change, he changeth not,
His love abideth sure.

4 The law demanded blood for blood,
And out he lets his own blood,
To pay the dreadful debt!
He toils thro' life and pants thro' death,
And cries with his expiring breath,
'Tis finish'd and complete.

5 Let all the ransom'd of the Lord,
Exalt his love with one accord,
And hallelujahs sing;
Adore the dying Friend of man,
And bless him highly as they can,
He is their God and King.

HYMN 170. C. M. *Anon.*

Union to Christ. John xv. 5.

THE vine and branches are but one,
In God the Father's sight;
He views his people in his Son,
With infinite delight

'hey all were chose in Christ the vine,
Before the world begun;
'i h him they must in glory shine,
'or he and they are one.

s union is so firm and strong,
'hat sin nor all their foes,
'an ever pluck them off, so long
As Jesus doth oppose.

s from this vine they all receive
'heir sap, while here below,
which they to his glory live,
'pposing ev'ry foe.

'by this union when they die,
hey will exalted be,
'praise their God above the sky,
all eternity.

HYMN 171. C. M. *Irons.*

Vine. John xv. 1.

1 IN Zion's garden stands a vine,
The glory of the place;
Its fruitful boughs, which verdant shine,
Are grafted in by grace.

2 If, like some trembling twig, I grow
On Christ the living vine,
Up from the root his grace shall flow,
To give me life divine.

3 O, may my soul her union prove,
To Christ, the heavenly vine;
For since the root can ne'er remove,
Each branch in heaven shall shine.

HYMN 172. L. M. *Kent.*

Union with Jesus.

1 'TWIXT Jesus and the chosen race,
Subsists a bond of sov'reign grace,
That hell, with its infernal train,
Shall ne'er dissolve, or rend in twain.

2 This sacred bond shall never break,
Tho' earth should to her centre shake;
Rest, doubting saint, assured of this,
For God has pledg'd his holiness.

3 He swore but once, the deed was done,
'Twas settled by the Great Three One;
Christ was appointed to redeem,
All that the Father lov'd in him.

4 Hail sacred union, firm and strong,
How great the grace, how sweet the song,
That worms of earth should ever be
One with Incarnate Deity.

5 One in the tomb, one when he rose,
One when he triumph'd o'er his foes,
One when in heaven he took his seat,
While seraphs sung all hell's defeat.

6 Bless'd be the wisdom, and the grace,
Th' eternal love and faithfulness,
That's in the gospel scheme reveal'd,
And is by God the Spirit seal'd.

HYMN 173. L.M. *Kent.*

Calling.

1 ONCE as the Friend of sinners dear,
A Man of sorrows, sojourn'd here;
Eternal love ordain'd it so,
That thro' Samaria he must go.

2 But what could his dear feet incline,
Unless compell'd by love divine,
From whence salvation's blessings flow,
That he must thro' Samaria go.

3 There, wand'ring from the fold of God,
He saw the purchase of his blood;
And o'er this wretch, to lust a slave,
Did sov'reign grace her banner wave.

4 Herein discriminating grace
Shone with a bright refulgent blaze;
While dead in sin ten thousand lie,
Grace brought this rebel harlot nigh.

5 Rous'd from her fond delusive dream,
As Israel's God she worshipp'd him;
Drank of that living water pure,
That shall to endless years endure.

6 This object of eternal love,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above,
Shall in the gospel annals shine,
And prove election all divine.

HYMN 174. L. M. *Medley.*

Christ's Cross the Christian's Glory. Gal. vi. 14.

1 YE ransom'd souls arise and sing,
The love of Christ, your heav'nly King;
Who bore your sin, your shame, your loss,
And glory only in his Cross.

2 O! let his love your songs employ,
And his salvation be your joy;
Yea, count all other things but dross,
And glory only in his Cross.

3 'Tis thro' the Cross on which he died,
The world to you is crucified:
And you to it—O happy loss!
Then glory only in his Cross.

4 At last with him you shall appear,
And join the joy and triumph there;
In endless songs his love applause,
And ever glory in his Cross.

HYMN 175. L.M. *Anon.*

Christ the Kinsman.

1 YE weeping saints, whose souls are lean,
Seek in your kinsman's field to glean;
Abundant store therein you'll find,
The man is graciously inclined.

2 His name is Jesus, and you may
Glean in his fields from day to day:
Ye need not of his bounty doubt,
He's kind and will not cast you out.

3 Come, then, ye hungry souls, and fill
Out of his store, for 'tis his will,
That all his kindred should be fed,
With wholesome grain, with living bread.

4 But go not to another field,
For none but this can plenty yield;
Close by his chosen reapers stand,
And they will you from harm defend.

5 With them you'll find a rich supply,
To quench your thirst when you are dry;
With them you all may freely feed,
And find supply for ev'ry need.

6 Then you may to your brethren say,
I've glean'd with pleasure all this day;
Out of my heav'nly Kinsman's store,
I've plenty got, but still there's more.

HYMN 176. C. M. *Hill.*

Christ Adored by Angels.—1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 BEYOND the glitt'ring starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

2 Immortal angels bright and fair,
In countless armies shine;
At his right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, Prince!" they cry, "for ever hail!
"Whose unexampl'd love,
"Mov'd thee to quit these blissful realms,
"And royalties above."

4 Thro' all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend;
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at last,
This scene of love would end.

5 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,
His crimson sweat and gore;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er brake before.

6 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cry'd,
"The glorious work is done!"

HYMN 177. 8.7.4. *Anon.*

The Fruits of the Saviour's Exaltation.

1 YONDER sits my Prince and Saviour,
On his glorious throne above;
Thence repentance and forgiveness,
He transmits by sov'reign love,
To the guilty,
And the harden'd sons of men.

2 Thence he sends his Holy Spirit,
Full of grace and cloth'd with might,
To translate from nature's darkness,
Into God's amazing light,
Those whom he has
Ransom'd with his precious blood.

3 Chosen and ordain'd to glory,
Call'd their Shepherd's voice to hear;
Led and guided by his counsel,
They shall surely persevere.
None shall hinder!
Grace shall unto glory reign!

4 Sin, and death, and hell, beset them,
And their fears their hearts confound;
But the Saviour's arms almighty,
Do their fearful souls surround:
They shall triumph!
More than conqu'rors they shall be!

5 Down the Saviour looks with pleasure,
On his people here below;
New supplies of grace he sends them,
And from strength to strength they go,
Till in Zion
They appear before their God.

HYMN 178. C. M. *Anon.*

Christ the Believer's all.

1 HEAR, gracious God, a sinner cry,
And in thy mercy grant,
Salvation-blessings from on high,
For Christ is all I want.

2 Lord, like the prodigal I'm poor,
And destitute and faint,
Yet asking mercy at thy door,
For Christ is all I want.

3 Tho' words can never tell my case,
Nor all my sorrows paint,
This I can say before thy face,
That Christ is all I want.

5 Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs,
To him your highest praise belongs;
To him who does your souls preserve,
And whom you'll praise for ever blest.

HYMN 96.

Christ a City of Refuge.

1 A REFUGE for sinners,
The gospel makes known,
'Tis found in the mounts
Of Jesus alone.

2 In Christ, the rock, shelter
The weary, distressed,
Burden'd by sin,
Are welcome to rest.

3 We are poor, miserable,
Blind, naked, and
Have nothing to offer
Of merit or hand.

4 This refuge, O sinner,
Of Jesus, the Lamb,
His love invites you
To come, poor I am.

5 Hear, O ye sinners,
Hear, O ye sinners,
Take refuge in Christ
With him, O ye sinners.

6 A City of refuge
Is Christ, O ye sinners,
Fly to the refuge
Of Jesus, O sinners.

The oath of Jehovah,
Secures him from fear,
Nor shall the Avenger
Of Blood enter there.

4 Here's refuge for sinners,
Whose guilt shall appear
As black as the confines
Of endless despair;
Who stripp'd of all merit,
Whereon to rely,
Are taught by the Spirit,
To Jesus to fly.

5 If Justice should hail us,
And threaten to curse,
We'll point him to Jesus,
Who suffer'd for us;
Thro' him we obtain the
Remission of sin;
We press to his refuge,
And strive to get in.

6 Should conscience accuse us,
As oft-times it may,
Here's blood that shall take its
Defilement away;
In Jesus the Saviour,
The sinner shall view
A City of Refuge,
And righteousness too.

HYMN 181. L. M. *Kent.*

This Man shall be the Peace.

1 PEACE, by his cross, hath Jesus made,
The Church's Everlasting Head;
O'er hell, and sin, hath vict'ry won,
And, with a shout, to glory gone.

2 Then why, dejected saint, dost thou
Thy sorrows nurse, thy head thus bow
Eternal truth declares to thee,
This glorious Man thy Peace shall be.

3 When o'er thy head, the billows roll,
And shades of sin obscure thy soul;
When thou canst no deliverance see,
Yet still this Man thy Peace shall be.

4 In tribulation's thorny maze,
Or on the mount of sov'reign grace,
Or in the fire, or through the sea,
This glorious Man thy Peace shall be.

5 Yea, when thine eye of faith is dim,
Rest thou on Jesus, sink or swim,
And at his footstool bow the knee,
And Israel's God thy Peace shall be.

The oath of Jehovah,
Secures him from fear,
Nor shall the Avenger
Of Blood enter there.

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As black as the confines
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Defilement away;
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Or on the mount of sov'reign grace,
Or in the fire, or through the sea,
This glorious Man thy Peace shall be.

5 Yea, when thine eye of faith is dim,
Rest thou on Jesus, sink or swim,
And at his footstool bow the knee,
And Israel's God thy Peace shall be.

HYMN 182. S. M. *Burnham.*

Christ All, and in All.

1 COME my transported soul,
With grateful wonder fall;
Before the Lord, for now he shines,
Thy everlasting all.

2 My Jesus hath obey'd
All the commands of God;
And all the blessings I enjoy,
Stream thro' his precious blood.

3 All the dear names of love,
Meet in my glorious Lord;
A father, husband, brother, friend,
My shield, and great reward.

4 Prophet, and priest, and king,
A Saviour, full and free;
All that a friend could e'er become,
He's now become to me.

5 He's all that's good and great,
All that I can admire;
All that's endearing to my soul,
And all my soul's desire.

6 To heav'n I soon shall rise,
Shall rise, no more to fall;
There, with ten thousand flaming tongues,
Praise my great All in All.

HYMN 183. L. M. *Medley.*

Christ the Door. John x. 9.

1 MY soul, a joyful song prepare,
The Saviour's wond'rous love declare,
Praise his dear name for evermore,
The only open heav'nly door.

2 Is Christ the door? I'll enter in,
Bless'd be his name! he saves from sin;
Tho' loud the thund'ring law may roar,
I shall find mercy at this door.

3 Is Christ the door? let saints rejoice,
And bless him with a cheerful voice;
Loud let your grateful voices sound,
For at this door you mercy found.

4 May we, when death's dark veil is past,
Enter, by him, to heav'n at last;
And there in songs for evermore,
Exult in God, and bless this door.

HYMN 184. L. M. *Medley.*

Christ the Living Stone. 1 Peter ii. 4.

1 COME, happy souls, who know the Lord,
Who love and trust his sacred word;
With songs address his gracious throne,
And Jesus sing, "the living stone!"

2 With you my thankful soul shall join,
In work so pleasant so divine:
A monument of grace, alone
I stand on Christ, "the living Stone!"

3 No other trust shall intervene,
To him I'll look, on him I'll lean;
And all foundations I'll disown,
But him, who is "the living Stone!"

4 Tho' sins and sorrows o'er me roll,
He quickens and restores my soul;
My life and comforts all I own,
Flow only from this living Stone!

5 Tho' death and dangers round me close,
Tho' strong and subtle are my foes;
In strength divine I'll still press on,
And to him come, "the living Stone!"

6 Here my salvation stands secure,
This "Rock of Ages" must endure;
Nor shall my hope be overthrown,
Built upon "Christ, the living Stone!"

HYMN 185. C. M. *Burnham.*

Christ a Husband.

1 THE highly-favor'd church of God,
To Jesus Christ is join'd;
A loving husband he will prove,
His church shall ever find.

2 Our Lord is tender to his spouse,
He takes her in his arms;
Then his great beauty he displays,
In captivating forms.

3 Then how the Bride her Lord admires,
He's glorious in her sight;
And the dear Bridegroom loves the bride,
And views her with delight.

4 O, what rich blessings he's prepar'd
For his refulgent bride!
Soon will he take her on his throne,
And seat her by his side.

5 Then the vast stores of heav'nly grace,
He'll evermore display;
And with his honored bride he'll dwell
In everlasting day!

HYMN 186. C.M. *Hawker.*

Christ, the Fountain of Grace.

1 JEHOVAH'S grace all meets in Christ,
As waters in the sea;
And hence the needy have supplies,
Exceeding full and free.

2 Rivers of life, of joy, and peace,
Jehovah open'd wide,
When to make way for rich free grace,
His justice pierc'd Christ's side.

3 Christ risen, and ascended high,
Set on his father's throne,
A fountain is of rich supply,
To all that are his own.

4 Come, thirsty souls, come without price;
Drink—for this water's free:
All stores of grace are laid in Christ,
For those that needy be.

5 If thou art weak, and canst not go,
To drink at th' fountain-head;
Yet God will cause the streams to flow,
And thereby make thee glad.

6 While faith doth deal with Christ above,
As full of grace for thee,
There thou may'st drink thy fill of love,
That can't exhausted be.

HYMN 187. L. M. *Dunham.*

Knowledge of Christ.

1 TO know my Jesus crucify'd,
By far excels all things beside;
All earthly good I count but loss,
And triumph in my Saviour's cross.

2 Knowledge of all terrestial things,
Ne'er to my soul true pleasure brings;
No peace,—but in the Son of God,
No joy,—but through his pard'ning blood.

3 O could I know and love him more,
And all his wond'rous grace explore,
Ne'er would I covet man's esteem,
But part with all, and follow him.

4 Lord, may I bear my ev'ry loss,
Be patient under ev'ry cross;
Never may I my Jesus blame,
Tho' I'm despis'd for his dear name.

5 Altho' my trials shall increase,
Ne'er may I wish their number less,
But e'er be bold in thy grand cause,
And feel my heav'n in thine applause.

6 Thus make me willing, glorious Lamb,
To suffer all things for thy name,
At last be where my Jesus is,
And rise to everlasting bliss.

HYMN 169. L. M. *Darwall.*

Triumphing in the Rock, Christ.

1 CHRIST is my rock, my hope, my stay,
In him I triumph all the day:
Who can conceive the pure delight,
My soul enjoys when he's in sight!

2 Tho' sin'rous evils o'er me roll,
And threaten ruin to my soul,
Still in the strength my Jesus brings,
My soul triumphant, loudly sings.

3 Sings in the midst of various woes;
Sings thro' the host of all her foes;
Pursues her rapid course to God,
Thro' the rich plea of Jesu's blood.

4 For all the grace that makes me sing,
I'll ever thank my God and King:
'Tis he *alone* my triumphs raise,
And he *alone* shall have the praise!

HYMN 189. 8s. *Burnham.*

The Lamb that was slain.

1 COME all ye redeem'd, and unite,
In high hallelujahs to God;
And sing with increasing delight,
O, sing of the Lamb and his blood!
Sing, sing his superlative worth,
Till we his full glory obtain;
The chorus resound thro' the earth,
Of—worthy the Lamb that was slain!

2 We'll sing of a conquest complete,
Obtain'd by his wonderful hand;
A conquest eternally great,
And shall to eternity stand.
We'll sing the great conqueror's praise,
And never, O, never refrain!
The chorus to heaven we'll raise,
Of—worthy the Lamb that was slain!

3 We'll sing, and exult, and go on,
And wonder, and love, and admire;
Still sing the atonement alone,
And sing till our souls are on fire;
And when the high throne we surround,
Releas'd from all darkness and pain,
All heaven shall swell with the sound,
Of—worthy the Lamb that was slain!

HYMN 190. 8.7. *Burnham.*

Christ, a Physician.

1 JESUS is a wise Physician,
Skilful, and exceeding kind;
Thro' him sinners find remission,
And enjoy sweet peace of mind.

2 Mov'd with tenderest compassion,
He relieves the wounded heart;
And the richest consolation,
His blest Spirit doth impart.

3 O, the blood of our dear Jesus
Proves an efficacious balm;
From soul troubles e'er doth ease us,
Gives a sweet and heav'nly calm.

4 This Physician understandeth
All disorders of the soul;
And no payment he demandeth,
When he makes the wounded whole.

HYMN 191. 8.7. *Kent.*

Jesus the Healer of his people.

1 JESUS heals the broken-hearted,
Oh! how sweet that sound to me!
Once beneath my sin he smarted,
Groan'd and bled to set me free;
By his suff'rings, death, and merits,
By his God-head, blood, and pain,
Broken hearts, or wounded spirits,
Are at once made whole again.

2 Broken by the law's loud thunder,
To the cross for refuge flee;
O'er his pungent sorrows ponder,
'Tis his stripes, that healeth thee;
Oil and wine, to heal and cherish,
Jesus still to Israel gives;
Nor shall e'er a sinner perish,
Who in his dear name believes.

3 In his righteousness confiding,
Shelter'd safe beneath his wing,
Here they find a sure abiding,
And of cov'nant-mercy sing;
Seek, my soul, no other healing,
But in Jesu's balmy blood,
He, beneath the Spirit's sealing,
Stands thy great High Priest with God.

HYMN 192. 7s. *Swain.*

The Good Shepherd. John x. 14, 27.

1 SHEEP of Christ's redeemed fold,
When their Shepherd calls them near,
Need not not of his voice be told:
None but Christ can make them hear.

2 Follow me, the Saviour cries,
You on pastures green shall feed;
On your Shepherd fix your eyes,
He'll supply your ev'ry need.

3 He has mark'd them, ev'ry one,
With his own eternal name;
Tho' they wander up and down,
Still his care remains the same.

4 While the wolf, with wishful eye,
Overlooks the midnight fold,
Israel's Shepherd 's always nigh,
Nor of one will lose his hold.

5 In the dark and cloudy day,
When the under-shepherds faint,
Jesus marks the wand'rer's way,
Watchful over ev'ry saint.

HYMN 193. C. M. *Kent.*

1 BEHOLD the Shepherd's tender care,
Toward the sheep that strays;
Throughout the desart, waste and bare,
He tracks its wand'ring ways.

2 So Jesus, whilst he sojourn'd here,
Amidst this waste of sin;
'Tis said, "He travell'd far and near,
"And sought his sheep therein."

3 To save from everlasting woe,
An object of his care,
Behold him through Samaria go;
A sheep had straggled there.

4 Tho' she insults him to his face,
It matter'd not to him;
Her name was found amongst that race,
That Jesus must redeem.

5 Amidst this flock, belov'd of God,
Manasseh we behold,
And, tho' his fleece was stain'd with blood,
He brought him to the fold.

6 Yea, from the very dregs of sin,
Shall grace her trophies wave;
And each eternal life shall win,
Whom God ordain'd to save.

HYMN 194. C. M. *Kent.*

Jesus the Sinner's Surety.

1 JESUS hath suffer'd once for sin,
And now exalted reigns;
Ye sinners sav'd, his praise begin,
In sweet harmonious strains.

2 No claims can law or justice crave
From Jesu's mystic bride;
Full payment to the law he gave,
When for her sins he dy'd,

3 When Justice smote the Shepherd's head,
The captive flock were free;
Belov'd, when in transgression dead,
Great God, and far from thee.

4 Convinc'd of sin's demerit, we
From self, to Jesus fly;
Ourselves insolvent debtors see,
And on his blood rely.

5 In vain we seek a fig-leaf dress,
To hide our sin and shame;
But shelter in his righteousness,
By whom salvation came.

6 This truth, by grace, we still maintain,
And this conclusion draw,
That in the wounds of Jesus slain,
'Tis sweet to read the law.

HYMN 195. L. M. *Medley.*

Christ the bright and Morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16.

1 JOYFUL, ye saints, attend, and raise
Your voices, in harmonious praise;
Bless'd Spirit! ev'ry heart prepare,
To sing "the bright, the Morning Star!"

2 Yet from the heights of bliss he fled,
On wings of everlasting love,
And groan'd and sigh'd, and wept and bled,
The sacrificial lamb of God!

3 How glorious was the work he wrought,
While dwelling in this earthly globe;
When man, poor man, had each vain thought,
Conspir'd to weave the spotless robe!

4 Drest in this robe, wash'd in this blood,
And ransom'd from the power of hell,
We also have free access by Christ,
And justice bows the paradise well!

5 Thus Jesus wrought our righteousness,
[illegible]
Saved [illegible]
[illegible]

6 And [illegible] to plead,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

HYMN 197. P. M. *Cowper.*

Wisdom. Prov. viii. 22.

1 ERE God had built the mountains,
Or rais'd the fruitful hills;
Before he fill'd the fountains
That feed the running rills;
In me from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And Wisdom is my name.

2 When like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swath'd about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood;
He wrought my weight and measure,
And I was with him then;
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men.

3 Thus wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye survey'd us
Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

4 And couldst thou be delighted
With creatures such as we!
Who when we saw thee slighted,
And nail'd thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

HYMN 198. P. M. *Newton.*

The Good Physician.

1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin sick soul!
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness,—all combin'd;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill possessing
I thought a cure to gain:
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain:
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd;
Then bid me look unto him;
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live.

HYMN 199. L. M. *Medley.*

Forerunner.

1 FAR, far beyond these lower skies,
Up to the glories all his own;
Where we by faith lift up our eyes,
There, Jesus our forerunner's gone.

2 Amidst the shining host above,
Where his blest smile new pleasure gives,
Where all is wonder, joy, and love,
There, Jesus our forerunner lives.

3 He lives, salvation to impart,
From sin and Satan's cursed wiles;
With love eternal in his breast;
There, Jesus our forerunner smiles.

4 Before his heav'nly Father's face,
For ev'ry saint he intercedes:
And with infallible success,
There, Jesus our forerunner pleads.

5 But, O! 'tis this completes the whole,
And all its bliss and glory proves;
That, while eternal ages roll,
There, Jesus our forerunner loves.

6 We shall, when we in heav'n appear,
His praises sing, his wonders tell;
And with our great forerunner there,
For ever and for ever dwell.

HYMN 200. L. M. *Bowes.*

Come unto me all that are weary.

1 THOU fearful, weak, diseased soul,
O, go to Christ he'll make you whole,
He has a balm for every wound,
Though full of sores, he'll make you sound.

2 Poor soul, distress'd with many fears,
O, go to him, he'll dry your tears,
Ye trembling souls shake off dismay,
O, go to him, he says you may.

3 Ye heavy laden sinner go,
He'll ease and soothe your every woe,
And off your back the burden take,
But more than this—he'll ne'er forsake.

4 Ye souls who are with sin opprest,
He says, O come, I'll give you rest;
His arm's extended to receive
All he appointed to believe.

5 Ye wretched, vile, don't think you're lost,
Because he saves the uttermost,
O, go to him, he'll cast out none,
This is the word of God's own Son.

HYMN 201. C. M. *House.*

Precious Blood.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
Thou matchless Son of God,
Teach me to sing the wond'rous power
Of thy most precious blood.

2 My soul defil'd with sin and shame,
Would wash beneath that flood;
For nought can cleanse my soul from guilt,
But thy most precious blood.

3 In vain this fountain ne'er was tried,
Its virtues are so good;
Sinner, approach, and you shall find
It is most precious blood.

4 It has my peace and pardon bought,
It open'd mercy's flood,
What matchless wonders it hath wrought!
I'll sing of precious blood.

5 It has procur'd my seat in heaven,
Near to the throne of God,
And has to me the earnest given,—
I'll boast of precious blood.

6 And when my Jesus bids me go
Thro' Jordan's swelling flood;
My soul shall face the ghastly foe,
With Jesu's precious blood.

7 Then as I soar thro' yonder sky
Up to thy seat, my God,
And thro eternity I'll sing
My Jesu's precious blood.

HYMN 202. S. M. *Kent.*

Ye are all one in Christ.

1 IN union with the Lamb,
From condemnation free,
The saints, from everlasting were,
And shall for ever be.

2 In bowers, [illegible] days,
The sons of God they were;
The Sabbath [illegible]
Was blest as [illegible]

3 Its bonds shall never [illegible],
Tho' earth's [illegible] bows;
The strong, the tempted, and [illegible]
Are one in Jesus' [illegible]

4 With joy, lift up your heads,
Ye highly favour'd [illegible],
When [illegible] the earth destruction spreads,
For what shall [illegible] you?

5 When storms, or tempests, [illegible],
Or sins, your peace [illegible],
Your hope in Jesus never [illegible],
'Tis cast [illegible]

6 Here, [illegible] weary feet,
Who love the Saviour's name;
Tho' with no sweet [illegible] blest,
This cov' [illegible]

[illegible]

The Saints [illegible] Conquerors through Christ.

1 [illegible]
O'er [illegible]
With all [illegible]
His [illegible]

2 On him shall Zion place
Her only hope for heaven;
And see in his dear sacred face,
Ten thousand sins forgiven.

3 'Twas at her surety's hands,
That justice had its due;
Large as the righteous law's demands,
We his obedience view.

4 He pass'd within the veil,
Did on his bosom bear
The worthless names, that did prevail,
With him to enter there.

5 Our Advocate with God,
For favour'd sinners slain,
Demands the purchase of his blood,
With him to live and reign.

6 Worthy the slaughter'd Lamb,
Let ransomed mortals say;
For who shall sing his lovely name,
In higher notes than they?

HYMN. 204. C. M.

Let the Inhabitants of the Rock sing.

1 IN Christ the Rock, let those who dwell,
Prepare a song to raise
Defiance to the gates of hell,
Becomes the sinner's praise.

2 When storms and death the world infest,
And sin the nations drown;
Here shall the weary sinner rest,
When worlds are tumbling down.

3 What heav'nly prospects feast the eyes,
When gazing from those hills;
While scenes of endless bliss arise,
And joy the bosom fills.

4 Here they can see the pearly gates
Of Zion's city fair;
Where blissful thrones and mansions wait
Their safe arrival there.

5 Then shout, ye saints, whose weary feet,
On this bright summit stand,
To sing the Saviour's praise, 'tis meet,
You see the promis'd land.

6 Hither, your souls shall surely rest,
The promise firm shall prove;
Till you recline on Jesu's breast,
And chant eternal love.

HYMN 205. C. M. *Irons.*

Isaiah xlii. 11.

1 FROM Zion's Rock, I hear a song,
Where souls securely dwell;
With joyful notes the heaven-born throng
Their Saviour's honors tell.

2 This Rock is deep, and firm, and high;
Inhabited by saints,
And smitten to afford supply
To every soul that faints.

3 From Zion's Rock the Christian's eye
A glorious vision gains;
Explores the realms above the sky,
And scorns these sensual plains.

4 This Rock's inhabitants, their doubts
And fears may send away;
Their prayers and their triumphant shouts
Fill Satan with dismay.

5 Inhabitants of this great Rock,
Dear Lord, our souls would be;
Then, 'midst earth's final, fatal shock,
We'll sing new songs to thee.

HYMN 206. S. M. *Berridge.*

1 John v. 20.

1 AS branches from the vine
Their birth and growth receive,
And round the stem in friendship twine,
And by their union live.

2 In Christ so Christians dwell,
And life from him derive,
His root makes all the clusters swell,
And all the branches thrive.

3 In sweetest union join'd,
Emmanuel's name they know,
And view the God with man combin'd,
And feel his virtue too.

4 Eternal life is giv'n
To all his saints below;
A taste he sends them of his heav'n,
While in the vale of woe.

5 This makes them love their King,
And lift his name on high;
And when with lusty praise they sing,
Amen, Amen, say I.

HYMN 207. 8.8.6. *Hawker.*

1 WE bless thee, O, thou great I AM,
Jehovah's pledge to sinful man,
Confirming all his word;
No promises are doubtful then,
For all are yea, and all Amen,
In Jesus Christ the Lord.

2 Sweet ordinance of Christ to bless,
By him, the Lord our righteousness,
By him, I say again;
This mighty Him makes all things sure,
Through life, in death, for evermore,
In him, the great Amen.

3 O, faithful witness of our God,
Who came by water and by blood,
Proving the Holy One;
Thy record must for ever stand,
Of life eternal from God's hand,
And all in thee, his Son,

4 Ye saints of God in age or youth,
Who swear by him, the God of truth,
By him, I say again;
Make him, whom God hath made to you,
Your Alpha and Omega too,
God's Christ is your Amen.

5 Nor less above ye heavenly host,
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Give praise thro' him with men;
For of him, thro' him, by him sure,
The church shall glory evermore,
In him, the great Amen.

6 Secur'd in this, the church on high,
And all below unceasing cry,
Amen! Amen! Amen!
To thee, O Lord, all praise is given,
The loud response of earth and heaven,
All hail, thou great Amen!

HYMN 208. C. M. *Irons.*

Christ crucified. 1 Cor. ii. 2.

1 WHERE Satan holds his cruel seat,
And guilt still swells its tide;
To trembling souls, what news so sweet,
As Jesus crucified!

2 Angels adore with sweet surprise,
The friend that lov'd and died;
Justice beholds a sacrifice,
In Jesus crucified.

3 Ye heralds, go; his death proclaim,
And know no theme beside;
Invite the poor, the blind, the lame,
To Jesus crucified.

4 My soul survey that precious flood,
Which cleanses when applied;
And let thy trust be in the blood
Of Jesus crucified.

5 Let saints below, and saints above,
Behold his wounded side;
And heaven and earth proclaim the love
Of Jesus crucified.

HYMN 209. 8.7.4. *Irons.*

Christ the Bridegroom. Canticles, ii. 8.

1 HARK! the voice of my beloved,
Skipping o'er the hills of guilt,
With divine compassion moved;
Lo! he comes whose blood was spilt;
'Tis my bridegroom,
Now, my soul, ask what thou wilt.

2 From eternity he lov'd me,
Took my nature to his own,
And when he has tried and prov'd me,
He will take me to his throne;
With my bridegroom
I shall share in joys unknown.

3 I am now with him united,
By the living faith he gave;
With his presence I'm delighted,
And he has engag'd to save,
For my bridegroom
Lov'd me when I was a slave.

4 For me, he has undertaken,
To me, all his wealth he gives,
Yea, his love remains unshaken;
I shall live because he lives.
Heavenly bridegroom,
How thy name my soul revives!

HYMN 210. 148th. *Hawker.*

Ephesians, v. 28, 29.

1 WHEN first at God's command,
The Church came up to view,
In his eternal mind,
Chosen in Christ and true,
The Father gave her to his Son,
And Christ betroth'd her for his own.

2 But when in after day,
She brake his holy word,
And as a treach'rous wife,
Departed from her Lord,
He brought her back, tho' hell withstood
And wash'd her sins in his own blood.

3 And now renew'd by grace,
And sav'd from hell and sin;
She learns by daily proof,
Her daily need of him:
Taught by the Spirit to confess,
The Lord her only Righteousness.

4 Yea, more, to crown the whole,
And God's decrees to prove;
Her marriage form'd 'ere time,
Eternity can't move.
Her everlasting song is this,
"Jesus is mine, and I am his."

5 Yes! we are one, she cries,
'Midst all my lep'rous state;
And no man ever yet
Was known his flesh to hate.
And I'm his flesh; our oneness proves,
In loving me, himself he loves.

6 Nor can he cease to love,
'Tis Jesu's precept this,
"Ye husbands love your wives,"
And will not Christ love his?
Shall others cherish and refresh,
And Jesus hide from his own flesh?

7 Oh! no, Christ loves his church;
His glory 'tis to bless:
He cannot love her more,
Nor will he love her less.
In his sight fair, cleans'd by his word,
A bride adorned for her Lord.

HYMN 211. C.M. *Medley.*

Crown him Lord of all.

1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jesu's grace,
Which rescues from the fall;
Return him thanks, ye chosen race,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 He rais'd you from your wretched state,
Of misery and thrall;
Adore him for his love so great,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 He'll save in ev'ry trying hour,
Therefore on Jesus call:
Confess his matchless love and pow'r,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 You all his gracious care shall prove,
However great or small,
His mercy from you ne'er shall move,
Then crown him Lord of all.

5 His matchless grace can ne'er be told,
It conquer'd sinful Paul,
Ye saints his precious love behold,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 His arms are open to receive
Those, who for mercy call;
His children he will never leave,
Then crown him Lord of all.

7 When he his saints to glory bring,
They at his feet will fall
In rapture, there his praise to sing,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 212. L. M. *Medley.*

I will not leave you Comfortless. John xiv. 18.

1 COME, ye who know the Saviour's love,
And his indulgent mercies prove;
In cheerful songs his praise express,
" For he'll not leave you comfortless!"

2 He ever acts the Saviour's part,
With strong compassion in his heart;
The least and weakest saint he'll bless,
Nor will he leave him comfortless!

3 His wisdom, goodness, pow'r, and care,
They largely, sweetly, daily share;
He will their ev'ry fear suppress,
Nor will he leave them comfortless!

4 While they are sojourners below,
And travel in this world of woe;
Thro' storms, and floods of deep distress,
He will not leave them comfortless!

5 Thanks to thy name, our dearest Lord,
For ev'ry promise in thy word;
But O, with *this*, our hearts impress,
"*I will not leave you comfortless!*"

THE HOLY SPIRIT AND HIS AGENCY.

HYMN 213. 8.8.6. *Hawker.*

1 SPIRIT Jehovah! glorious Lord,
Vouchsafe thy presence with thy word,
To all thy church around;
Lord! give to each of thine now here,
The seeing eye, the hearing ear,
To know the joyful sound!

2 Without renewings of thy grace,
To see God's glory in Christ's face,
And manifest the Lord;
Our ordinance will barren prove,
Not one will taste of Jesu's love,
Or savor in thy word.

3 Blest Spirit, on Christ's garden blow,
And cause the spices all to flow,
As grace for grace each suits;
For then will our beloved come,
Into this garden of his own;
And eat his pleasant fruits,

4 'Tis thine, O Lord, in blessing thus,
To take of Christ's and shew to us,
Of him, and his, impart;
And thine no less the same to prove,
And shed abroad the Father's love,
In each renewed heart;

5 'Tis thine in pray'r to help complaints;
To quicken sinners; comfort saints;
And weary souls refresh;
The heart of stone to take away,
(Lord! there are many here this day,)
Oh! give them hearts of flesh!

1

HYMN 214. 8.8.6. *Hawker.*

2

1 ALMIGHTY Lord! let all around,
In sweet communion now abound,
With God, and God's dear Son;
If thou wilt open to our view
3 The love of each; and draw us too,
Then will our hearts be won.

2 Sweet Comforter! do thou behold,
The little ones of Jesu's fold,
4 With special grace this day;
That all thy children taught of thee,
May have their portion full and free,
And none go lean away.

3 Then will loud praises through our host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By ev'ry tongue be giv'n;
And each will say, in godly fear,
"This is God's house; the Lord is here,
"And this the gate of heav'n."

4 And daily till our Lord shall come,
To take his whole redeemed home,
With him, for ever then;
The Lord send blessings from above,
The Father's, Son's, and Spirit's love,
Be with us all, Amen.

HYMN 215. P. M. *Kent.*

The Promise of the Spirit.

1 "WHEN I," saith the Saviour,
"Ascend to my throne,
"The Spirit, to comfort,
"I'll surely send down;
"And this," saith Jehovah,
"His mission shall be,
"Of sin to convince, and
"To glorify me.

2 "To sap the foundation,
"Whereon they have stood,
"And shew them the worth of
"Salvation by blood;
"And when to Mount Sinai,
"For refuge they flee,
"Shall point them to Calv'ry,
"And glorify me.

3 "Shall shew them my Godhead,
"My blood, and my fame,
"And how, as the Ransom
"For sinners, I came;
"And when their demerit,
"And vileness they see,
"Shall teach them my fulness,
"And glorify me.

4 "The stout-hearted rebels,
"His pow'r shall subdue,
"Not mending old nature,
"But forming a new;
"And when they acknowledge
"Salvation as free,
"As mine he shall seal them,
"And glorify me.

5 "In truth, all essential,
"My chosen shall guide,
"Whose surety I am, and
"For whom I have died;
"And when from the sheepfold
"They wand'ring shall be,
"Shall lead them to Zion,
"And glorify me."

HYMN 216. P. M. *Irons.*

1 HOLY Spirit, heavenly witness,
Whose almighty influence darts
Life to souls once dead, and fitness
For the heavenly state imparts;
Bear thy witness,
To thy work in all our hearts.

2 Witness to our souls of Jesus,
Let us now his grace record;
Thou, and thou alone, canst ease us;
Shed the Saviour's love abroad,
And bear witness,
That we are the sons of God.

3 Witness every frame and feeling,
Every want, and every woe,
And the blood of Christ for healing,
On our helpless souls bestow:
Holy witness
Let us cov'nant blessings know.

4 Witness in us, for us, by us,
With thine agency divine;
Nor in that great day deny us,
When the saints in glory shine;
Then bear witness,
Of our souls, that they are thine.

HYMN 217. 148th. *Row.*

The Godhead of the Spirit.

1 ALMIGHTY spirit, we
Thy Godhead now adore,
We bring our praise to thee,
And thanks for evermore;
For once we slept in darkness deep,
But thou hast rais'd us from the sleep.

2 Through all thy work within,
Thy greatness we admire;
It breaks the reign of sin,
And lights the sacred fire,
To make us burn with love to God,
Through the atoning Saviour's blood.

3 Thy pow'r and grace divine
Has rais'd us from the dead,
And taught our souls to twine
Around our living head;
And none but God could bless us so,
Or raise us from such depths of woe.

4 To Jesus thou dost lead
Our souls for life and rest,
And on his cross to feed
Till we are truly blest;
We now to thee our praises bring,
And thus thy glorious Godhead sing.

HYMN 218. 8.8.6. *Hart.*

To the Holy Spirit.

1 DESCEND from heav'n celestial dove;
With flames of pure seraphic love
Our ravished breasts inspire.
Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete,
Warm our cold hearts with heav'nly heat,
And set our souls on fire.

2 Breathe on these bones so dry and dead,
Thy sweetest softest influence shed
In all our hearts abroad.
Point out the place where grace abounds;
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of our incarnate God.

3 Conduct, blest guide, thy sinner-train
To Calv'ry, where the Lamb was slain;
And with us there abide.
Let us our lov'd Redeemer meet,
Weep o'er his pierced hands and feet,
And view his wounded side.

4 Teach us for what to pray; and how;
And since, kind God, 'tis only thou
The throne of grace can move,
Pray thou for us; that we thro' faith
May feel th' effects of Jesu's death,
Thro' faith that works by love.

5 Thou, with the Father and the Son,
Art that mysterious Three in One,
God blest for evermore:
Whom tho' we cannot comprehend,
Feeling thou art the Sinner's friend,
We love thee, and adore.

HYMN 212. S. M.

The Holy Spirit invoked.

1 COME, holy Spirit, come!
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
Let thy bright beams shine.

2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 Melt, O melt, this frozen heart;
This stone to flesh resolve;
Each evil passion overcome,
And drive the all away.

4 Mine will be the profit,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee I will devote
The remnant of my days.

HYMN 213. L. M.

The Spirit to be invoked.

2 When threat'ning gloom seems all around,
And sin has wounded deep,
The Spirit's comforts heal the wound,
And we forbear to weep.

3 When with temptations we are toss'd
By our infernal foe,
The Spirit says we cant be lost,
And softens all our woe.

4 When straits and trials rise and roll,
With overwhelming weight,
The Spirit whispers to the soul,
And makes the storm abate.

5 When our corruptions plague within,
And this vile world without,
The Spirit's pow'r subdues our sin,
And turns the world about.

6 Where'er our weary souls are found,
In scenes of life or death;
Thro' Christ he scatters comforts round,
By his reviving breath.

HYMN 221. 148th. *Ross.*

The Spirit, the teacher of Jesus.

1 THE Spirit teaches
Of our redeeming Lord,
Whom we found highly prize,
And spread his praise abroad.
For when we dead and guilty lay,
He bled for us and died away.

2 His Godhead and his grace,
The Spirit loudly speaks
To all the chosen race,
From whom he worship seeks:
And they delight to spread around,
The praise of Christ in glory crown'd.

3 His rich atoning blood
And finish'd righteousness,
As truly wrought by God,
The Spirit does confess,
To all the heirs of glory bright,
Ordain'd to dwell in heav'nly light.

4 Salvation by his Cross,
The Spirit loves to tell
To those who feel their loss,
And long with him to dwell:
He only speaks of Jesu's name,
And makes the saints to sound the same.

HYMN 222. 8.7. *Row.*

The breath of the Spirit desired to make fruitful.

1 COME, thou pure and peaceful Spirit,
Let thy cheering zephyrs blow
Through the Saviour's endless merit,
On thy garden here below.

2 May we still be upward tending,
By thy sweet and blissful gale;
Low before thy footstool bending,
Sing the love that cannot fail.

3 Come and blow on thy plantation,
Till the spices flowing out,
Prove that Christ is our salvation,
While we thus thy praises shout.

4 As thy garden may we flourish,
From thy frequent breezes sweet;
All the plants refine and cherish,
Till their fruit is fit to eat.

5 Then let our Beloved enter,
To receive the praise of all;
For in him we see the centre
Where we rise, no more to fall.

HYMN 223. S. M. *Row.*

Divine Influences compared to Rain.

1 JESUS as rain comes down,
In his sweet Spirit's pow'r;
That sacred seed in Zion sown,
Might feel the falling show'r.

2 His sacred presence is
Like cooling show'rs of rain;
And this celestial love of his,
For ever shall remain.

3 His church shall grow and thrive,
While with his Spirit blest,
Whose pow'r like rain shall keep alive,
Our souls to endless rest.

4 Upon our parched souls
His soft'ning show'rs descend,
And makes the barren soil abound,
With fruits that never end.

5 His doctrines drop with weight,
And sweetly doth distil,
To make the church his love relate,
And feel he's gracious still.

6 As fruitful plants of thine,
Dear Saviour, let us live,
From heav'nly rain of grace divine,
Thy Spirit's pow'r shall give.

HYMN 224. C.M. *Hart.*

He shall not speak of Himself.

1 WHATEVER prompts the soul to pride,
Or gives us room to boast,
(Excepting Jesus crucify'd)
Is not the Holy Ghost.

2 The Holy Ghost omits to speak
Of what himself has done;
And bids the enlighten'd sinner seek
Salvation in the Son.

3 He never moves a man to say,
"Thank God, I'm made so good;"
But turns his eyes another way,
To Jesus and his blood.

4 Great are the graces he confers,
But all in Jesu's name;
He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
"*Salvation to the Lamb.*"

HYMN 225. 148th. *Anon.*

The Holy Spirit dwelling in the Saints.

1 EARNEST of future bliss,
Thee, HOLY GHOST, we hail!
Fountain of holiness,
Whose comforts never fail:
The cleansing gift on saints bestow'd,
The witness of their peace with God.

2 What wond'rous grace is this,
For God to dwell with men!
Through Jesu's righteousness,
His people shall remain;
Thus feeble worms, by nature lost,
Are temples of the Holy Ghost.

3 Though Belial's sons would prove
That thou no Witness art,
Thanks to redeeming love,
We feel thee in our heart;
Continue, gracious Lord, to bear
Thine inward testimony there.

4 By thee, on earth, we know,
Ourselves in Christ renew'd;
Brought by thy grace into
The family of God:
Descend believing souls to seal,
And teach them all their Father's will.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

FAITH.

HYMN 226. 104th. *Toplady.*

The Fight of Faith.

1 OMNIPOTENT Lord,
My Saviour and King,
Thy succour afford,
Thy righteousness bring:
Thy promises bind thee
Compassion to have;
Now, now, let me find thee
Almighty to save!

2 Lord, thou art my hope;
O'erwhelmed with grief,
To thee I look up
For certain relief:
I dread no denial,
No danger I fear;
Nor start from the trial
If Jesus is here.

3 Yes! God is above
Men, devils, and sin:
My Jesus's love
The battle shall win;
So terribly glorious
His coming shall be,
His love all-victorious
Shall conquer for me.

HYMN 227. S. M. *Row.*

The Character of Gospel Faith.

1 THE faith of God's elect
Comes from eternal love,
The Spirit puts it in their heart,
And takes them up above.

2 The gospel it believes,
And finds the Saviour there;
The soul is helped then to trust
In his peculiar care.

3 It works by love to God,
And purifies the heart,
Extends its pow'r to practice too,
And purges ev'ry part.

4 It stands in pow'r divine,
And not a mortal's might;
Brings future glory to the mind,
And gives a pure delight.

5 Unfeigned and sincere
This precious grace is found,
And overcomes the furious world
Where Satan roars around.

6 Full victory we shall gain,
Through him who lov'd our souls,
The Lord, the Lamb, whose glorious pow'r
Their rage and wrath controuls.

HYMN 228. S. M. *Row.*

The Trial of our Faith precious.

1 THE Lord beholds it fit
That faith be sharply tried;
It worketh patience, and we feel
It counteracts our pride.

2 He sees the need of this,
And knows that we require;
The faith he gives will perish not,
Though it be tried by fire.

3 'Tis precious in his sight,
The trial makes it shine;
And thus, O Lord, it plainly proves
A glorious gift of thine.

4 The trial gives us pain,
But it will not destroy;
For it is precious, and shall train
Our souls for greater joy.

5 'Tis much more worth than gold,
Though fierce the furnace be;
For this the saints should wisely wait,
Its pure effects to see.

6 To praise, it shall be found,
When Jesus shall appear;
And glory then shall well reward
What we have suffer'd here.

HYMN 229. C. M. *Burnham.*

On the Nature and Exercise of true Faith.

1 TRUE faith believes the word divine,
And with swift wings she flies
To Jesu's cross, and doth recline,
On his rich sacrifice.

2 Faith looks to Calv'ry's lofty tree,
Discerns the Saviour's face,
And with delight she doth survey
The wonders of his grace.

3 This precious faith, which comes from God,
Leads always to the Lamb,
And is much pleas'd with pard'ning blood,
And drinks the healing balm.

4 Faith says, my Jesus still is mine,
Though gloomy clouds arise,
Fastens on promises divine,
And soars above the skies.

5 Delights in great Jehovah's voice,
Dwells on the Saviour's blood,
In truth eternal doth rejoice,
And ventures all with God.

6 Jesus subdue my ev'ry foe,
My little faith increase,
Soon from the dreary waste below
Take me to realms of bliss.

HYMN 232. 11s. *Anon.*

Hoping on the ground of eternal Adoption.

1 GREAT Father of glory, how rich is thy grace!
What wonderful love is display'd in thy face!
In Jesus thine image with brightness we view;
And hope to be form'd to that likeness anew.

2 By favour adopted, thy sons we appear,
And led by the Spirit we boldly draw near;
In Jesus beloved, and wash'd in his blood,
With hope we adore at the footstool of God.

3 The man who is blessed with hope in the cross,
Is freed from the bondage of guilt and the curse,
The blood of his surety by faith he reviews,
While hope in that fountain his spirit renews.

4 The world knows us not, but in this we rejoice,
To God we're no strangers, but objects of choice,
His love from eternity gave us a home,
Where now we are hoping in safety to come.

5 Array'd in obedience all wrought by the Lamb,
By Christ our Jehovah, the ancient I AM;
With boldness we journey while Christ leads us on,
And hope soon in glory to praise the Three One.

HYMN 233. 8.8.6. *Kent.*

Hoping in God.

1 CEASE, O believer, cease to mourn,
Return unto thy rest, return,
Why should thy sorrows swell?
Tho' deep distress thy steps attend,
Thy warfare shall in triumph end,
With thee it shall go well,

2 Thy God hath said, his word shall stand,
Not like the writing on the sand,
But firm as his decree;
That "when thy foes, death, hell, and sin,
"On ev'ry side, shall hem thee in,
"A Wall of Fire I'll be."

3 Tho' trouble now thy heart appalls,
And, deep to deep, incessant calls,
No storm shall injure thee;
Thy anchor once in Jesus cast,
Shall hold thy soul till thou at last,
Him, face to face, shall see.

HYMN 234. S. M. *Row.*

The Grace of Hope.

1 WITHOUT a heav'nly hope
We helpless sinners lay,
Till God the Spirit rais'd us up
By his enliv'ning ray.

2 To him would we ascribe
The hope we now possess;
For he alone could make us trust
In Jesu's righteousness.

3 This hope proceeds from faith
In Christ's atoning blood;
And now expects salvation from
A never-failing God.

4 A soul-supporting grace
Is this in ev'ry grief,
And when in want, without a friend,
It yields a rich relief.

5 It sheds its genial rays
In each distressing hour,
And draws delight from Jesus' word,
His faithfulness and pow'r.

HYMN 235. P. M. *Row.*

Hope compared to an Anchor.

1 CHRISTIANS across the troubl'd sea
Of this dark world shall sail;
But, while the vessel Jesus guides,
Of safety none can fail:
Hope, like an anchor, here is cast,
And keeps the vessel firm and fast.

2 Though boist'rous billows rage and rise,
Our anchor-hold is sure;
And Christ, our Pilot, through the storm
Will keep our souls secure:
All who have hope in him, shall ride
In safety o'er the swelling tide.

3 When all professing friends are fled,
That should our grief condole;
Hope in a faithful God is found
An anchor to the soul:
Preserves beneath the waves of woe,
Which all our comforts would o'erflow.

4 Though dang'rous rocks on ev'ry side,
And quicksands deep be near,
Our anchor, Hope, shall hold us safe,
And counteract our fear;
Satan and sin can ne'er destroy
The souls ordain'd for endless joy.

5 Jesus, our glorious hope on high,
From ev'ry ill design
Will guard the vessels of his grace,
Till they in glory shine:
Then shall our weary souls be blest
With an eternal state of rest.

HYMN 236. C. M. *Irons.*

Acts xxvii. 44.

1 ON life's tempestuous ocean, glides
A vessel built by God:
'Midst rocks, and shoals, and swelling tides
She spreads her sails abroad.

2 Her mariners Jehovah chose,
Her pilot is the Lord:
She touches Islands as she goes,
Sinners to take on board.

3 Truth is her compass, love her sail,
And heavenly grace her store:
The Spirit's influence the gale,
That wafts her to the shore.

4 Nor winds, nor waves her progress check,
Her course she must pursue:
And tho' she often fears a wreck,
She's sav'd with all her crew.

5 On boards, and broken pieces tost,
And death each hour at hand:
Yet none who trust to Christ, are lost,
But all come safe to land.

6 Each soul to Christ the Lord is given,
And purchas'd with his blood:
The vessel is insured in heaven,
And God will make it good.

HYMN 237. 8.7. *Anon.*

Ye are saved by Hope.

1 EV'RY saint is sav'd by hoping
In the great Redeemer's blood;
Round his footstool view them stooping,
Humbly to adore their God.

2 Hope reviews the dying Saviour,
Yields sweet succour to the saint;
E'er expects all promis'd favour,
Never leaves the soul to faint.

3 Hope, and Faith, and Love agreeing,
All exalt the heav'nly Lamb;
He has rais'd them into being,
And they glorify his name.

4 Faith, and Hope, and true affection,
All are graces from the Lamb;
All design'd to bring salvation;
Hope expects it through his name.

5 While by Faith the soul is reading,
"Jesus died for sinful men,"
Hope desires, with fervent pleading,
Feelingly to say Amen.

6 These desires, all known in heaven,
Shall not, cannot be denied:
Life eternal now is given;
Hope *shall* say Amen, when tried.

7 Thus, by Hope the saints are saved,
Living hope to Jesus goes;
Draws all life through Jesus' merit,
And no other Saviour knows.

LOVE.

HYMN 238. 8.8.6. *Wesley.*

Divine Love.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee!
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove,
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger is love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart;
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the Saviour's voice.

5 O, that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee,
My everlasting rest.

HYMN 239. 7s. *Cowper.*

Lovest thou me?

1 HARK, my soul; it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound:
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light."

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease, towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee."

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh, for grace to love thee more.

HYMN 240. L. M. *Row.*

Love to the Brethren.

1 LOVE to the saints of Christ our God,
Should now our new-born souls employ;
Since he has sav'd us with his blood,
And made us heirs of endless joy.

2 In him they all united stand
As members in a mystic man;
And love divine they feel the band
Which draws them to approve the plan.

3 Life and divine affection runs
From this high union in our Head,
To all his dear adopted sons,
When they are raised from the dead.

4 Then in the bonds of gospel grace,
As brethren they esteem the saints;
And mutual love in ev'ry case
Will soothe their sorrows and complaints.

5 The tend'rest ties become the spring
Of ev'ry sympathizing thought;
And leads them to lament and sing,
As those whom Christ has kindly taught.

6 Dear Lord, thy bowels and thy blood,
And bright example so reveal,
That we may largely learn of God
The love thy following saints shall feel.

HYMN 241. 8.7. *Row.*

Marks of Brotherly Love.

1 SAINTS appear to love each other,
When together they can pray;
When the weakest christian brother
Seem to win their hearts away.

2 When each other's burdens bearing,
They fulfil the Saviour's law;
Or in mutual comforts sharing,
They a pleasure seem to draw.

3 When they feel a heart forgiving
Those who have offenders been;
And attachment still is living
In their conduct to be seen.

4 When they feel an inward moving
Kindly to rebuke for sin;
And when they can bear reproving
With a spirit right within.

5 When with kind pursuits unceasing,
They can seek each other's good;
Gospel light and life increasing,
Till they reach the throne of God.

HYMN 242. 7s. *Wesley.*

Brotherly Love.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever cease,
By thy reconciling love
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear:
Come and spread thy bannner here:

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind:
Lovely, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear:
To the church the pattern give!
Shew how true believers live.

3 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness:
Let us then with joy remove
To the family above:
On the wings of angels fly;
Shew how true believers die.

HUMILITY.

HYMN 243. 7s. *Hart.*

Praying for Fruitfulness.

1 LORD, if with thee part I bear;
If I thro' thy word am clean;
In thy mercy if I share:
If thy blood has purg'd my Sin;
To my needy soul impart
Thy good Spirit from above,
To enrich my barren heart
With humility and love.

2 Lord, my heart a desert vast,
Thy manuring hand requires.
Sin has laid my vineyard waste,
Overgrown with weeds and briers,
Thou can'st make this desert bloom;
Breathe, oh! breathe, celestial dove,
Till it blows with rich perfume
Of humility and love.

3 Vanquish in me lust and pride,
All my stubbornness subdue.
Smile me into fruit—or chide,
If no milder means will do.
Ah! compassionate my case;
Let the poor thy pity move.
Give me of thy boundless grace,
Give humility and love.

HYMN 244. 8.7.4. *Kent.*

Humility. Matt. v. 3.

1 BLESSED are the poor in spirit,
Who their native vileness see;
They are taught all sins demerit,
Gladly own salvation free,
And from Sinai,
To the wounds of Jesus flee.

2 Stript of all their fancy'd meetness,
To approach the dread I AM!
They are led to see all fitness,
Cent'ring in the worthy Lamb;
And, adoring,
Sing his godhead, blood, and name.

3 Self renouncing, grace admiring,
Made unto salvation wise,
Matchless love their bosoms firing,
O! how sweet their songs arise;
None but Jesus,
From his blood their hopes arise.

4 At his throne their sins confessing,
Now in shame they veil their face,
Weeping, loving, praising, blessing,
On his head the crown they place;
Shouting glory,
To the God of sov'reign grace.

HYMN 245. L. M. *Medley.*

Blessed are they that mourn.

1 JESUS, the glorious head of grace,
Knows every saint's peculiar case;
What sorrows by their souls are borne,
And how for sin they daily mourn.

2 He knows how deep their groanings are,
And what their secret sighs declare;
And, for their comfort, has express'd,
That all such mourning souls are bless'd.

3 They're bless'd on earth; for 'tis by grace
They see and know their mournful case;
Bless'd mourners! they shall shortly rise
To endless comfort in the skies:

4 There all their mourning days shall cease,
And they be fill'd with joy and peace;
Comforts eternal they shall prove,
And dwell for ever in his love.

5 Dear Lord, may I a mourner be,
Over my sins and after thee;
And when my mourning days are o'er,
Enjoy thy comforts evermore.

4 Our covenant God
Doth all things impart,
He shews to the saints
His generous heart;
All temporal favours,
With Jesus he gives,
In each tribulation
He kindly relieves.

5 The children of God
Oft hear his sweet voice;
They see him appear,
And then they rejoice;
And tell of the promise
To all far and wide,
That God, in rich mercy,
Will surely provide.

HYMN 248. C. M. *Burnham.*

The Provisions of Covenant Love.

1 BEFORE the starry skies were spread,
Or wasting time began,
God, with an everlasting love,
Deign'd to remember man.

2 The boundless treasures of his grace
He stor'd in Christ alone;
Pure rivers of eternal bliss,
He opens in the Son.

3 May we on this vast fulness gaze,
And growing raptures prove;
O may we see with flowing eyes,
The great abyss of love.

4 Salvation, life, and endless peace,
And all the joys we know,
Issue in streams of ancient grace—
From ancient love they flow.

5 Lord, the rich favor now we crave,
Is thy pure love to see,
Pray to love all thy grace shall save,
All who belong to thee.

6 Extensive as the gracious throng,
May our affections spread;
Ever love all with heart and tongue,
For whom the Saviour bled.

HYMN 249. 148th. *Burnham.*

Admiration of Divine Love.

1 LOVE will I ever sing,
Sing of its antient date;
Love is the flowing spring
Of blessings truly great;
Love is the pure immortal food,
Love is the height and depth of God.

2 Love is my comely dress,
My glory and my crown,
My life, my joy, my peace,
My heaven, and my throne;
Love is the pure immortal food,
Love is the height and depth of God.

3 Celestial love descend,
Embrace me in thy arms,
And ravish all my mind,
With thy eternal charms;
Be to my soul immortal food,
And all the height and depth of God.

4 Lord, may I soon be caught
Up to the realms above,
And there be better taught,
The glories of thy love;
And feast on this immortal food,
And triumph in the love of God,

HYMN 250. C. M. *Kent.*

Looking to the Rock whence ye where hewn.

1 YE slaves of sin, redeem'd by blood,
Salvation's theme pursue;
Exalt the sov'reign grace of God,
For such were some of you.

2 From head to foot, defil'd by sin,
Deep in rebellion too;
This awful state mankind are in,
And such were some of you.

3 'Tis all of sov'reign grace, that ye
Do not as others do;
Who seek the road to misery;
For such were some of you.

4 Whilst they are sinners dead to God:
Ye highly favor'd few,
Are wash'd from sin, in Jesu's blood;
But such were some of you.

5 As ye are chosen from the rest,
To grace the praise is due;
Be sov'reign love for ever blest;
For such were some of you.

HYMN 251. C. M. *Cowper.*

The Lord will provide. Gen. xxii. 14.

1 THE saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

2 This Abraham found, he rais'd the knife,
God saw, and said, "Forbear;
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;
Behold the victim there."

3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand;
Saul turns his arm another way,
To save the invaded land.

4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more;
But God prepar'd a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.

5 Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

6 Wait for his seasonable aid,
And tho' it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

HYMN 252. 7s. *Swain.*

The Fruit of Pardoning Grace.

1 LORD, my very heart would bleed,
While for pard'ning love I plead;
When I think what various ways
I've abus'd thy wond'rous grace:

2 Still I fly to Jesu's veins;
There I wash my guilty stains;
There, from my polluted soul,
All my sins like mountains roll.

3 Low beneath thy feet I lie;
Let me live, or bid me die;
But, if thou my days prolong,
Shew thyself, in weakness strong.

4 O, may ev'ry hour to come,
Bring me near my heav'nly home;
Near in life, and near in heart,
'Till my soul and sin shall part!

5 May I all along the road,
Follow my Redeemer, God;
Ever rising let me be,
'Till I rise to dwell with thee.

HYMN 253. P.M. *Hart.*

Let God be true but every Man a Liar. Rom. iii. 4.

1 THE God I trust,
Is true and just;
His mercy hath no end:
Himself hath said,
My ransom's paid:
And I on him depend.

2 Then why so sad,
My soul? though bad,
Thou hast a Friend that's good.
He bought thee dear:
(Abandon fear)
He bought thee with his blood.

3 So rich a cost
Can ne'er be lost,
Though faith be tried by fire,
Keep Christ in view:
Let God be true,
And ev'ry man a liar.

HYMN 254. P. M. *Newton.*

Confidence.

1 YES! since God himself has said it,
On the promise I rely;
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbelief reply?
He is strong, and *can* fulfil;
He is truth, and therefore *will.*

2 As to all the doubts and questions
Which my spirit often grieve,
These are Satan's sly suggestions,
And I need no answer give;
He would fain destroy my hope,
But the promise bears it up.

3 Sure the Lord thus far has brought me
By his watchful tender care;
Sure 'tis he himself has taught me
How to seek his face by pray'r:
After so much mercy past,
Will he give me up at last?

4 True, I've been a foolish creature,
And have sinn'd against his grace;
But forgiveness is his nature,
Tho' he justly hides his face;
'Ere he call'd me, well he knew
What a heart like mine would do.

5 In my Saviour's intercession,
Therefore, I will still confide;
Lord, accept my free confession,
I have sinn'd, but thou hast died:
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

HYMN 255. C. M. *Madan.*

Ascribing to God the Praise of Salvation.

1 HOW empty was our former boast,
Our foolishness and pride,
When in ourselves we put our trust,
And on our works relied!

2 Strong in the freedom of our will,
Firm in our nature's pow'rs,
We thought to gain the heav'nly hill,
And seize the crown as ours.

3 Our good desires, our hearts sincere,
Our best endeavours stood,
T' atone for our transgressions here,
In place of Jesu's blood.

4 Alas! for us, we knew not then
His blood and righteousness,
Thro' which alone the sons of men
Are sav'd by richest grace.

5 But now, O gracious God, thy love
Hath taught us better things;
Our all is giv'n us from above,
From Thee Salvation springs.

6 Freely thy love delights to save,
And ransoms without price—
But only that which Jesus gave,
Our bleeding sacrifice.

7 We own the sole-procuring cause,
That precious blood divine;
May we, since Jesus died for us,
May we live ever thine!

HYMN 256. C.M. *Burnham.*

The love of God to Christ, and his Members.

1 CHRIST and his members ever stood
A glorious mystic man,
Lov'd with the highest love of God
Before the world began.

2 The chosen people were of old,
Pure in Jehovah's sight,
And never did he them behold,
But with a vast delight.

3 O, with what pleasure he survey'd
The highly favor'd train,
Saw Jesus and his honor'd bride,
In perfect splendour shine.

4 In the pure arms of sov'reign grace,
He clasp'd the chosen seed,
Determin'd evermore to bless
The members with the head.

5 Although the Lord of earth and sky
Knew what we all should prove,
He on the Saviour kept his eye,
And rested in his love.

6 O Lord, this wond'rous love reveal,
Take us within its arms,
And may we all for ever feel
Its soul-transporting charms.

HYMN 257. C. M. *Burnham.*

The love of God in Christ the source of Blessedness.

1 RIVERS of pure and boundless love
From God in Christ arise,
Rolls from this ever-flowing source
Streams of eternal joys.

2 Lord, may we see the springs of love,
Thy loving heart contains,
Transported—sing the joyful song,
The love of Jesus reigns.

3 O thou all glorious Prince of Peace,
Smile from thy radiant throne,
In all the sweetest forms of love,
Come down, dear Lord, come down.

4 Down with all sin and slavish fear,
And let us richly prove,
The life divine, the life of God,
The happy life of love.

5 Come, sacred love, with all thy charms,
And closer still unite,
Heart to each heart, and soul to soul,
And fill us with delight.

6 Soon may we all in glory meet,
Where great Immanuel reigns:
There shall we sing the songs of love
In pure eternal strains.

HYMN 258. C. M. *Hart.*

Luke vii. 42.

1 MERCY is welcome news indeed
To those that guilty stand,
Wretches that feel what help they need,
Will bless the helping hand.

2 Who rightly would his alms dispose,
Must give them to the *poor:*
None but the *wounded* patient knows
The comforts of his cure.

3 We all have sinn'd against our God:
Exception none can boast;
But he that feels the heaviest load,
Will prize forgiveness most.

4 No reck'ning can we rightly keep;
For who the sums can know?
Some souls are fifty pieces deep;
And some five hundred owe.

5 But let our debts be what they may,
However great or small,
As soon as we have nought to pay,
Our Lord forgives us all.

6 'Tis perfect poverty alone
That sets the soul at large;
While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full discharge.

HYMN 259. C. M. *Burnham.*

Praising Divine Love.

1 MERCY divine is sov'reign, free,
And infinitely great;
Ancient as vast eternity,
And most divinely sweet.

2 The wond'rous mercy of a God
Saves an apostate race,
Applies the balm of Jesu's blood,
And yields a sacred peace.

3 Pardon and life, and heav'nly joys,
Flow from this living spring;
Streams of rich blessings ever rise,
To make us louder sing.

4 'Tis mercy buries all complaints,
Gives pleasures ever new;
O, how she triumphs o'er the saints,
And makes them triumph too.

5 Great God of Mercy, roll along
Mercy to ev'ry soul;
May mercy be the blissful song,
Sounded from pole to pole.

6 Come, O my soul, and join the lays,
Swell ev'ry tuneful pow'r:
Let ev'ry chorus sound her praise,
Let ev'ry heart adore.

HYMN 260. 148th. *Burnham.*

Election.

1 ALL the elected train,
Were chosen in their head,
To all eternal good,
Before the worlds were made;
Chosen to know the Prince of Peace,
And taste the riches of his grace.

2 Chosen to faith, and hope,
To purity and love,
To all the life of God,
To all the things above;
Chosen to prove salvation sure,
Chosen to reign for evermore.

3 Nothing but grace appears,
In this eternal choice,
It charms the humble saint,
And makes the soul rejoice;
Its endless glory shines so bright,
It makes obedience all delight.

4 Now, Lord, to us reveal,
The all-confirming grace,
And may we all pursue,
The shining paths of peace;
Run in the way to joys above,
And ever sing electing love.

HYMN 261. L. M. *Kent.*

Free Election.

1 DEEP in the everlasting mind
The great mysterious purpose lay,
Of choosing some from lost mankind,
Whose sins the Lamb should bear away.

2 Them lov'd with an eternal love,
To grace and glory he ordain'd,
Gave them a throne which cannot move,
And chose them both to means and end.

3 In these he was resolv'd to make
The riches of his goodness known;
These he accepts, for Jesu's sake,
And views them righteous in his Son!

4 No goodness God foresaw in his,
But what his grace decreed to give:
No comeliness in them there is,
Which they did not from him receive.

5 Faith and repentance he bestows
On such as he designs to save:
From him their souls obedience flows,
And he shall all the glory have.

HYMN 262. S. M. *Burnham.*

Joy.

1 COME, all ye saints of God,
Your grateful tongues employ;
Sing of a Saviour's pard'ning blood,
And shout aloud for joy.

2 Once were ye sunk in earth,
But now ye dwell on high,
Partakers of a glorious birth,
Then shout aloud for joy.

3 Tho' evils still arise,
And many fears annoy,
Up to the Saviour lift your eyes,
And shout aloud for joy.

4 View the eternal crown,
The pow'rs of hell defy;
Keep in full view the Saviour's throne,
And shout aloud for joy.

5 Lord, raise our hearts above
Ev'ry delusive toy;
May we thy full salvation prove,
And shout aloud for joy.

6 Soon may thy tender hand,
Wipe ev'ry weeping eye;
Soon may we enter Canaan's land,
And shout aloud for joy.

HYMN 263. 148th. *Burnham.*

Knowledge of Christ.

1 TO know that Christ is mine,
To view his smiling face;
To see his glory shine,
Gives pure and perfect peace:
O, may I ever sing, and say,
Jesus the Saviour died for *me*.

2 To *me*, how wond'rous kind;
On *me*, what blessings fall;
His cross delights my mind;
His love transports my soul;
While on his bosom I recline,
He tells me *all he has is mine*.

3 *Mine*, his atoning blood!
And *mine*, his righteousness!
Mine, all the grace of God!
And *mine*, the gospel peace!
Mine, ev'ry promise in the word!
And *mine*, the fulness of the Lord!

4 Jesus, I now adore,
Salvation now I prove;
Lord, may I never more
Suspect thy dying love;
Let none deprive me of this plea,
"The great Redeemer died for *me*!"

HYMN 264. 148th. *Burnham.*

The same.

1 ALL the converted train.
Know the great Shepherd's voice,
Feel the Messiah's reign,
And in his death rejoice:
The heav'n born saint shall sing, and say,
"The great Redeemer died for *me*."

2 For *me*, for *me*, he fills
The Mediator's throne!
For *me* he now prevails,
And sends rich blessings down!
Blessings descend, blessings divine,
Thus do I prove my Jesus *mine*.

3 *Mine*, all the fruits of love!
And *mine*, the shining throne!
Mine, all the joys above!
And *mine*, the glorious crown!
All Jesus is, and has is *mine*,
And I with him shall ever reign.

4 Ye seekers of the Lord,
Believe the promise true!
O, take him at his word,
And sing 'tis *all* for *you*:
Bury your fears in Calv'ry's blood,
And shout the dying Lamb of God.

HYMN 265. L. M. *Medley.*

Fear not, thou worm. Isaiah xli. 14.

1 YE humble souls, in God rejoice,
And listen to the Saviour's voice;
His voice shall every fear disarm,
For Jesus says, "Fear not, thou worm!"

2 He knows you're sinful, vile, and weak,
And often scarce a word can speak;
He sees what fears your souls alarm,
And kindly says, "Fear not, thou worm!"

3 In all the conflicts ye pass through,
His precious promise keep in view:
Thro' this you wonders will perform,
Because he says, "Fear not, thou worm!"

4 In every strait he'll help you still,
And you with strength and courage fill;
He'll guard your trembling souls from harm,
And smiling say, "Fear not, thou worm!"

5 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Let nought on earth your hearts dismay,
Boldly, in him, face every storm,
Since thus he says, "Fear not, thou worm!"

6 When the great change, by death, shall come,
And Jesus calls your spirit home,
You'll die reposing on his arm,
And hear him say, "Fear not, thou worm!"

7 Then shall you reach that blissful shore
Where sin and death are known no more;
And wear a bright celestial form,
And ever sing, "Fear not, thou worm!"

HYMN 266. L. M. *Swain.*

Christian Travellers.

1 PILGRIMS we are, to Canaan bound,
Our journey lies along this road;
This wilderness we travel round,
To reach the city of our God.

2 And here as travellers we meet,
Before we reach the fields above,
To sit around our Master's feet,
And tell the wonders of his love.

3 Oft have we seen the tempests rise;
The world and Satan, hell and sin,
Like mountains seem'd to reach the skies,
With scarce a gleam of hope between.

4 But still as oft as troubles come,
Our Jesus sends some cheering ray,
And that strong arm shall guard us home,
Which thus protects us by the way.

5 A few more days, or months, or years,
In this dark desert to complain,
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain!

HYMN 267. L. M. *Swain.*

Admiration and Confidence.

1 AND may I hope that when no more
These pulses beat with life below,
I shall the God of life adore,
And all the bliss of being know

2 I, who deserve no place but hell,
No portion but devouring fire,
Shall I with Christ in glory dwell,
Possess'd of all I now desire?

3 Will God, who never could endure
On sin to look without a frown,
With a kind smile pronounce me pure,
And grant me an immortal crown?—

4 Will Jesus own a wretch like me,
And tell to saints and angels round,
That, when he suffer'd on the tree,
My sins augmented ev'ry wound?—

5 Will he, from life's eternal book,
To earth and heav'n proclaim my name;
On me, as on his children, look,
And make my lot with theirs the same?—

6 Will Jesus, as my surety, place
Before his Father's glorious throne
Me as an heir of sov'reign grace,
Me as his own adopted son?—

7 He will!—I read it in his word,
And in my heart the witness feel:
I shall be with and like my Lord,
Though sin oppose in league with hell!

8 I shall be with him when he comes
Triumphant down the parting skies;
And, when his voice breaks up the tombs,
Among his children I shall rise!

9 Among his children I shall stand,
When quick and dead his throne surround,
Blest with a place at his right hand,
And with immortal glory crown'd!

10 When all his foes beneath his feet,
In chains of endless torment lie,
Unworthy I shall fill a seat
Among the princes of the sky!

HYMN 268. L. M. *Swain.*

Christians have reason to sing.

1 WHY should the saints be fill'd with dread,
Or yield their joys to slavish fear?
Heav'n can't be full, which holds the Head,
Till ev'ry member 's present there!

2 In heav'n the Head—the members here—
Ten thousand thousand, yet but one!
So far asunder, yet so near!
Some yet unborn—some round the throne!

3 How bright eternal wisdom shines,
When it displays eternal love,
Instructing by those dazzling lines
The earth beneath and heav'n above!

HYMN 269. 7.6.8. *Toplady.*

Redeeming Blood.

1 LET the world their virtue boast,
And works of righteousness,
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely sav'd by grace!
Take me, Saviour, as I am,
And let me lose my sins in thee!
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me!

2 Full of truth and grace thou art,
And here is all my hope;
False and foul as hell, my heart
To thee I offer up!
Thou wast given to redeem
My soul from all iniquity;
Friend of sinners spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away;
For I, thou know'st, am poor!
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me!

HYMN 270. P. M. Newton.

Humiliation and Praise.

1 WHEN the wounded spirit hears
The voice of Jesu's blood,
How the message stops the tears
Which else in vain had flow'd:
Pardon, grace, and peace proclaim'd,
And the sinner call'd a child,
Then the stubborn heart is tam'd,
Renew'd, and reconcil'd.

2 Oh! 'twas grace indeed, to spare
And save a wretch like me!
Men or angels could not bear
What I have offer'd thee:
Were thy bolts at their command,
Hell 'ere now had been my place;
Thou alone could silent stand,
And wait to shew thy grace.

3 Wond'rous mercy I have found,
But, ah! how faint my praise!
Must I be a cumber-ground,
Unfruitful all my days?
Do I in thy garden grow,
Yet produce thee only leaves?
Lord, forbid it should be so!
The thought my spirit grieves.

4 Heavy charges Satan brings
To fill me with distress:
Let me hide beneath thy wings,
And plead thy righteousness:
Lord, to thee for help I call,
'Tis thy promise bids me come;
Tell him thou hast paid for all,
And that shall strike him dumb.

HYMN 271. 104th. *Hammond.*

Unchangeable Love. Isaiah liv. 7, 8, 9, 10.

1 IF Jesus is our's,
We have a true friend,
Whose goodness endures
The same to the end:
Our comforts may vary,
Our frames may decline:
We cannot miscarry,
Our aid is divine.

2 Tho' God may delay
To shew us his light,
And heaviness may
Endure for a night;
Yet joy in the morning,
Shall surely abound,
No shadow of turning
In Jesus is found.

3 The hills may depart,
And mountains remove,
But faithful thou art,
O fountain of love!
The Father hath graven
Our names on thy hands;
Our building in heaven
Eternally stands.

4 A moment he hid
The light of his face;
Yet firmly decreed
To save us by grace;
And tho' he reprov'd us,
And still may reprove,
For ever he lov'd us,
And ever will love.

5 Then tune ev'ry string
To Jesus's name?
With angels we'll sing
The song of the Lamb:
Then ev'ry Believer
Shall joyfully praise,
Thou bountiful giver
Of glory and grace.

HYMN 272. 148th. *Irons.*

Glorifying Christ.

1 WHEN truth and grace conspire
To bring salvation nigh,
The angels all desire
Their Lord to glorify:
Amen, the heavenly hosts exclaim,
And glory hang on Jesus name.

2 The church on earth unite,
The Saviour's praise to sing,
And ransom'd souls delight
Their grateful songs to bring;
Amen, they shout, in praise and prayer,
Our Jesus shall the glory wear.

3 I too, will take my part
In this divine employ;
Christ dwells within my heart,
The pledge of endless joy;
Amen, I'll cry, and glory bring
To Christ my everlasting king.

4 Amidst the glorious throng,
Before Jehovah's throne,
Christ is their joy and song,
His glorious name they own;
Amen, I'll cry while standing there,
And Jesus shall the glory bear.

HYMN 273. 8.7.4. *Irons.*

Happy Moments.

1 OH! the happiness arising
From the life of grace within,
When the soul is realizing
Conquests over hell and sin:
Happy moments!
Heavenly joys on earth begin.

2 On the Saviour's fulness living,
All his saints obtain delight;
With the strength which he is giving,
They can wrestle, they can fight:
Happy moments!
When King Jesus is in sight.

3 Nearer! nearer! to him clinging,
Let my helpless soul be found;
All my sorrows to him bringing,
May his grace in me abound:
Happy moments!
With new cov'nant blessings crown'd.

4 All the world has nothing charming;
Foes and sorrows flee away;
Nor is death itself alarming,
Jesus took its sting away;
Happy moments!
Dawning of eternal day.

HYMN 274. 7. 6. *Rozzel.*

The Pilgrim.

1 AMIDST ten thousand dangers,
Which ev'ry where abound,
The pilgrims and the strangers
Alone secure are found;
For on their Lord they're waiting,
They seek him night and day:
His aid they're supplicating
In his appointed way.

2 How signal are the blessings
My Saviour has bestow'd:
He taught me wisdom's lessons
When I had lost the road;
From death he hath me raised
By his almighty pow'r,—
Let his great name be praised,
Both now and evermore!

3 Thro' Christ, the Mediator,
To God access we find;
The Spirit's own dictator,
Who knows the Father's mind,
Thus thro' this world of trouble
His saints in safety go;
They count the world a bubble,—
All vanity below.

HYMN 275. 104th. *Kent.*

The Trial of Faith.

1 JEHOVAH hath said,
'Tis left on record,
" The righteous are one,
" With Jesus, the Lord:"
At all times he loves them,
'Twas for them he died;
Yet oft-times he proves them,
For grace must be tried.

2 When faint in the way,
Or lifeless and cold,
Or sunk in dismay,
And none to uphold;
Yet firm to his promise,
Thy God shall abide;
But grace, though the smallest,
Shall surely be tried.

3 Temptations and sins,
In legions shall rise,
As thorns in thy side,
Or pricks in thine eyes;
And oft, to thy sorrow,
His face he shall hide:
For God hath determin'd
His grace shall be tried.

4 He'll ne'er thee forsake,
But surely perform
His word, tho' he take
His way in the storm;
Yea, oft in the clouds of
Dejection he'll ride;
For he hath determin'd
His grace shall be tried.

5 As gold from the flame,
He'll bring thee at last,
To praise him for all
Through which thou hast past;
Then love everlasting,
Thy griefs shall repay,
And God from thine eyes, wipe
All sorrows away.

HYMN 276. L. M. *Burnham.*

The Believer's Dignity and Safety.

1 ARRAY'D the true Believer stands,
In Jesu's perfect righteousness;
Before his God complete he shines
In that all-radiant god-like dress.

2 The Father's eye, with high delight,
Beholds his people in his Son:
In him belov'd, adopted, blest,
'Ere earth, or skies, or time began!

3 Jesus has made them kings to God,
And heirs of an immortal crown;
From dust and death he'll raise them high,
To deathless honors and renown.

4 Fix'd on the Rock of Ages strong,
Secure they rest, secure they dwell;
Though oft assail'd by restless sin,
And oft besieg'd by raging hell.

5 The arms of everlasting love
Surround them in the trying hour;
Their refuge is the mighty God:
He shields them by his matchless pow'r.

6 Defended by eternal flame,
In Zion's sacred height they rest;
And feed, and triumph, and rejoice,
For ever lov'd, for ever blest!

HYMN 277. P. M. *Burnham.*

Admiring of a crucified Christ.

1 NOTHING now we'll know beside
Christ, the Saviour, crucified,
Who on Calv'ry's mountain,
Open'd there a fountain,
For his highly favour'd bride;
Ever we'll praise the Lamb of God,
And sing with admiration,
The wonders of his blood.
Thus may we all e'er travel on,
'Till we ascend the heav'nly throne;
Then shall the Lamb be all our theme,
While all his glories on us stream.
Hallelujah, Praise the Lamb.

2 O what pure transporting grace,
We shall see in Jesu's face;
There be ever gazing—
O how wond'rous pleasing,
Will appear the Prince of Peace.
How shall we prize the cleansing blood,
And glow with holy raptures,
And all the life of God.
Then what a bright and glorions train,
Shall sing with grandeur all divine,
Loud shall we shout redeeming love,
O'er all the blissful plains above.
Hallelujah, Praise the Lamb.

HYMN 278. C. M. *Hart.*

Tribulation.

1 THE souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure;
That tribulation more or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wise decree,
Satan the weakest saint will tempt:
Nor is the strongest free.

3 The world opposes from without;
And unbelief within,
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt;
And feel the load of sin.

4 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wand'ring heart;
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.

5 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with stedfast eye;
And fight with hell by faith.

6 Tho' we are feeble, Christ is strong:
His promises are true;
We shall be conqu'rors all, ere long;
And more than conquerors too.

HYMN 279. P. M. *Anon.*

Final Perseverance of the Saints. Job. xvii. 9.

1 YE pilgrims of Zion, and chosen of God,
Whose spirits are fill'd with dismay,
Since ye have eternal redemption thro' blood,
Ye cannot but hold on your way.

2 As Jesus in covenant love did engage
A fulness of grace to display,
The powers of darkness in malice may rage,
The righteous shall hold on his way.

3 This truth, like its author, eternal shall stand,
Though all things in nature decay,
Upheld by Jehovah's omnipotent hand,
The righteous shall hold on his way.

4 They may on the main of temptation be tost,
Their sorrows may swell as the sea;
But none of the ransom'd shall ever be lost,
The righteous shall hold on his way.

5 Surrounded with sorrows, temptations, and cares,
This truth with delight we survey;
And sing, as we pass thro' this valley of tears,
The righteous shall hold on his way.

HYMN 280. C. M. *Hart.*

Perseverance.

1 THE sinner that by precious faith,
Has felt his sins forgiv'n,
Is from that moment pass'd from death,
And seal'd an heir of Heav'n.

2 Tho' thousand snares enclose his feet,
Not one shall hold him fast,
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He shall get safe at last.

3 Not as the world the Saviour gives,
He is no fickle friend:
Whom once he loves, he never leaves;
But loves him to the end.

4 The spirit that would this truth withstand,
Would pull God's temple down,
Wrest Jesu's sceptre from his hand,
And spoil him of his crown.

5 Satan might then full vict'ry boast;
The church might wholly fall:
If one believer may be lost,
It follows, so may all.

6 But Christ in ev'ry age has prov'd
His purchase firm and true;
If this foundation be remov'd,
What shall the righteous do?

7 Brethren, by this your claim abide,
This title to your bliss:
Whatever loss you bear beside,
O, never give up this.

HYMN 281. C. M. *Newton.*

The same.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Tho' many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Tho' sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence,
Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

HYMN 282. 8s. *Hart.*

Dependence in Christ alone.

1 IF ever it could come to pass,
That sheep of Christ might fall away;
My fickle feeble soul, alas!
Would fall a thousand times a day.
Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me.

2 I on thy promises depend,
(At least, I to depend desire)
That thou wilt love me to the end,
Be with me in temptation's fire;
Wilt for me work, and in me too;
And guide me right, and bring me through.

3 No other stay have I beside;
If these can alter, I must fall.
I look to thee to be supply'd
With life, with will, with pow'r, with all.
Rich souls may glory in their store;
But Jesus will relieve the poor.

HYMN 283. C. M. *Cowper.*

Dependence.

1 TO keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still deriv'd from him.

3 Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never will deny thee, Lord,"
But grant I never may.

4 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And ev'n an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the king of kings
Than all your works besides.

6 In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

HYMN 284. 104th. *Kent.*

He will rest in his love. Zeph. iii. 17.

1 SALVATION by grace,
How charming the song,
With seraphims join,
The theme to prolong;
'Twas plann'd by Jehovah
In counsel above,
Who to everlasting,
Shall rest on his love.

2 This cov'nant of grace,
All blessing secures,
Believers rejoice,
For all things are your's;
And God from his purpose,
Shall never remove,
But love thee, and bless thee,
And rest in his love.

3 But when like a sheep,
That strays from the fold,
To Jesus thy Lord,
Thy love shall grow cold,
Think not he'll reject thee,
But rather reprove,
Yet, tho' he correct thee,
He'll rest in his love.

4 When sold under sin,
A slave to thy lust,
Deep sunk in the fall,
Of Adam the first;

And oft in rebellion,
With God thou hast strove,
Yet wonder, O heavens,
He rests in his love.

5 In Jesus the Lamb,
The Father's delight,
The saints without blame,
Appear in his sight;
And while he in Jesus,
Their souls shall approve,
So long shall Jehovah
Abide in his love.

HYMN 285. C. M. *Anon.*

Free Grace.

1 FREE grace to ev'ry heav'n-born soul,
Will be their constant theme;
Long as eternal ages roll,
They'll still adore the Lamb.

2 Free grace alone can wipe the tears
From our lamenting eyes;
Can raise our souls from guilty fears
To joy that never dies.

3 Free grace can death itself out-brave,
And take its sting away:
Can souls unto the utmost save,
And them to heav'n convey.

4 Our Saviour by free grace alone
His building shall complete;
With shouting bring forth the head-stone,
Crying, grace, grace, to it.

5 May I be found a living stone
In Salem's streets above,
And help to sing before the throne
Free grace and dying love!

HYMN 286. P. M. *Newton.*

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 FROM Egypt, lately freed
By the Redeemer's grace,
A rough and thorny path we tread,
In hopes to see his face.

2 The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well:
This only leads to endless day,
All others lead to hell.

3 The promis'd land of peace,
Faith keeps in constant view;
How diff'rent from the wilderness
We now are passing through!

4 Here often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine;
There we shall have unclouded skies,
Our Sun will always shine.

5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears, distress us sore:
But there eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more.

6 Lord, pardon our complaints,
We follow at thy call;
The joy prepar'd for suff'ring saints
Will make amends for all.

HYMN 287. P. M. *Newton.*

Saul's Armour. 1 Samuel xvii. 38—40.

1 WHEN first my soul enlisted
My Saviour's foes to fight,
Mistaken friends insisted,
I was not arm'd aright:
So Saul advised David
He certainly would fail,
Nor could his life be saved
Without a coat of mail.

2 But David, though he yielded
To put the armour on,
Soon found he could not wield it,
And ventur'd forth with none.
With only sling and pebble,
He fought the fight of faith;
The weapons seem'd but feeble,
Yet prov'd Goliah's death.

3 Had I by him been guided,
And quickly thrown away
The armour men provided,
I might have gain'd the day;
But arm'd as they advis'd me,
My expectations fail'd;
My enemy surpris'd me,
And had almost prevail'd.

4 I triumph'd at a distance,
While he was out of sight;
But faint was my resistance,
When forc'd to join in fight:
He broke my sword in shivers,
And pierc'd my boasted shield;
Laugh'd at my vain endeavours,
And drove me from the field.

5 Satan will not be braved
By such a worm as I;
Then let me learn with David,
To trust in the Most High;
To plead the name of Jesus,
And use the sling of pray'r;
Thus arm'd, when Satan sees us,
He'll tremble and despair.

HYMN 288. 148th. *Cowper.*

Jehovah Nissi. Exodus xvii. 15.

1 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliah fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Israel's God and King,
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
To storm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

4 Oh! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,
God helping me to say,
"My trust is in the Lord,"
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness, and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side?
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

HYMN 289. L. M. *Burnham.*

Affliction.

1 IT stands in great Jehovah's word,
That all the ransom'd of the Lord,
Shall pass thro' sorrows, grief, and woe,
While to fair Canaan's land they go;

2 Many and great their trials are;
But ev'ry trial they shall bear,
While they the word of God regard,
And cast their burdens on the Lord.

3 None of the saints shall e'er be lost,
Though on the foaming waves they're tost;
Yea, tho' the mighty billows roar,
Yet Christ will bring them safe to shore.

4 Now, dearest Lord, thine hand stretch forth,
And give us strength, while here on earth;
Then take us to our wish'd-for home,
Where pains and sorrows ne'er shall come.

5 Lord, how delightful it will be,
When we shall all thy glory see,
And stand before thy shining throne,
Never to feel a rising groan!

6 But in the most melodious songs,
Shall be employ'd our happy tongues;
Loud will we sing deliv'ring grace,
In that eternal world of bliss.

HYMN 290. 104th. *Anon.*

The Christian in Affliction.

1 MY Jesus, my hope, when will he appear,
A soul to lift up, that waits for him here;
In much tribulation, in trouble's excess,
In height of temptation, and depth of distress.

2 O when shall I see an end of my pain,
And triumph in thee, my Saviour, again;
Lord hasten the hour, thy kingdom bring in,
And give me thy pow'r, and save me from sin.

3 O Jesus, thou know'st my sorrowful load,
And seest that my trust is all in thy blood;
Thou wilt have compassion, my burthen remove,
Thy name is salvation, thy nature is love.

4 Thy nature and name my portion shall be,
Who humbly lay claim to all things in thee;
The days of my mourning, and painful distress,
Shall, at thy returning, eternally cease.

HYMN 291. L.M. *Medley.*

Humbled under Afflictions.

1 LET me, thou sov'reign Lord of all,
Low at thy footstool humbly fall;
And while I see affliction's rod,
Be still and know that thou art God!

2 Let me not murmur, nor repine,
Under these trying strokes of thine;
But while I walk the mournful road,
Be still and know that thou art God!

3 When and whenever thou shalt smite,
Teach me to own thy sov'reign right;
And underneath the heaviest load,
Be still and know that thou art God!

4 Still let this truth support my mind,
Thou canst not err, nor be unkind;
And thus approve thy chast'ning rod,
And know thou art my father, God!

5 When this afflicted soul shall rise
To ceaseless joys above the skies,
I shall as ransom'd by thy blood,
For ever sing, thou art my God!

HYMN 292. L. M. *Original.*

The same.

1 WHILE trav'lling in this vale of tears,
Thro' hosts of foes and many fears,
Do thou, my Saviour, be my guide,
And keep me near to thy dear side.

2 Afflictions day by day increase,
Nor would I wish their number less,
But wait thine own appointed time,
Till I am call'd to thee and thine.

3 Do thou, dear Saviour, by thy power,
Preserve in ev'ry trying hour,
Till call'd by free and sov'reign grace,
I shall behold thee face to face.

4 Then with the saints in Jesus blest,
I shall for ever, ever rest,
And sing the wonders of that love,
That brought me safe to realms above.

HYMN 293. L. M. *Irons.*

"As thy day thy strength shall be."

1 COME happy souls of Asher's tribe,
To Jesu's faithfulness subscribe;
Sing of his glorious truth with me,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

2 Is it a day of power divine,
Which breaks and melts that heart of thine?
Just as thou art to Jesus flee,
Then "as thy day thy strength shall be."

3 Is it a day of inward war?
Does sin alarm and peace withdraw?
Fear not, fight on, shout victory!
For "as thy day thy strength shall be."

4 Is it a day of grief and care?
Come bring it all to Christ by pray'r,
He kindly says cast all on me,
And "as thy day thy strength shall be."

5 Begone ye unbelieving fears,
Awake, ye saints, restrain these tears,
'Tis sworn by the eternal Three,
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

HYMN 294. C. M. *Irons.*

Old Store. Lev. xxvi. 10.

1 HOW rich the feast that God provides,
To feed his hungry poor;
With cov'nant love, and Christ presides
O'er all the sacred store.

2 Here mortals get their wants supplied,
With all they ask and more;
No seeking sinner is denied,
A share in this old store.

3 Here finest wheat and heav'nly bread,
Will life and health restore;
With milk and honey souls are fed,
Who come to this old store.

4 Each heaven-born soul this food shall eat,
Who fed on husks before;
No food to them is half so sweet,
As Jesu's good old store.

5 On him my soul would daily live,
And him I must adore,
For heav'n no better food can give,
Than this divine old store.

HYMN 295. L. M. *Hart.*

Blessed are the Poor. Luke vi. 20.

1 LORD, when I hear thy children talk
(And I believe 'tis often true)
How with delight thy ways they walk,
And gladly thy commandments do.

2 In my own breast I look, and read
Accounts so very diff'rent there,
That had I not thy blood to plead,
Each sight would sink me to despair.

3 Needy, and naked, and unclean,
Empty of good, and full of ill,
A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,
Without the power to act or will.

4 I feel my fainting spirits droop;
My wretched leanness I deplore;
'Till gladden'd with a gleam of hope
From this—the Lord has blest *the poor.*

5 Then, while I make my secret moan,
Upwards I cast my eyes, and see,
Tho' I have nothing of my own,
My treasure is immense in thee!

6 Still may I keep thy love in view;
Lean there; nor envy those that run;
Still trust to—not what I can do,
But what thyself hast for me done.

7 My treasure is thy precious blood:
Fix there my heart; and, for the rest,
Under thy forming hands, my God,
Give me that frame which thou lik'st best.

HYMN 296. S. M. *Burnham.*

The breathings of a Christian.

1 LORD, I am poor, and weak,
Unworthy, mean, and base,
Yet I am sweetly taught by thee,
To venture on thy grace.

2 Thou sympathetic Friend,
My sorrows now condole,
Shine through my darkness, and appear,
The light of all my soul.

3 In honour of thy cross,
Thine agony and blood,
Quicken my dull relentless heart,
To all the life of God.

4 My low affections raise,
Tempers unkind remove:
Make all my happy spirit glow
With all the fire of love.

5 All my whole soul renew,
Bid evil all depart,
In mercy conquer all my sins,
Reign Lord of all my heart.

6 O, reign in all thy saints,
Till thy great work is done,
Reign, till we all shall reign with thee,
Around the blissful throne.

HYMN 297. 148th. *Hart.*

James i. 12.

1 AND must it, Lord, be so?
And must thy children bear
Such various kinds of woe,
Such soul-perplexing fear?
Are these the blessings we expect?
Is this the lot of God's elect?

2 Boast not, ye sons of earth,
Nor look with scornful eyes;
Above your highest mirth,
Our saddest hours we prize:
For though our cup seems fill'd with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all.

3 How harsh soe'er the way,
Dear Saviour still lead on:
Nor leave us, till we say,
"Father, thy will be done!"
At most we do but taste the cup,
For thou alone last drank it up.

4 Shall guilty man complain?
Shall sinful dust repine?
And what is all our pain?
How light compar'd with thine!
Finish, dear Lord, what is begun,
Choose thou the way, but still lead on.

HYMN 298. C. M. *Kent.*

Exulting in the Stability of the Covenant.

1 COME, saints, and sing in sweet accord,
With solemn pleasure tell;
The cov'nant made with David's Lord,
In all things order'd well.

2 This cov'nant stood 'ere time began,
That God with man might dwell;
Eternal wisdom drew the plan,
In all things order'd well.

3 This cov'nant, O believer, stands,
Thy rising fears to quell;
Seal'd by the Surety's bleeding hands,
In all things order'd well.

4 'Twas made with Jesus, for his bride,
Before the sinner fell;
'Twas sign'd, and seal'd, and ratified,
In all things order'd well.

5 When rolling worlds depart on fire,
And thousands sink to hell,
This cov'nant shall the saints admire,
In all things order'd well.

6 In glory, soon with Christ their king,
His saints shall surely dwell:
And this bless'd cov'nant ever sing,
In all things order'd well.

HYMN 299. 148th. *Anon.*

The Name of Jesus precious.

1 LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd.
To celebrate with me,
The Saviour of mankind!
T'adore the great atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heav'n:
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the church to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the host above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesu's face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from guilt set free!
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

HYMN 300. S. M. *Kent.*

It shall go well with the righteous.

1 WHAT cheering words are these,
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In ev'ry state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endure.
And well when call'd to die.

3 Well, when they see his face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well, in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount of God.

4 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow,
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

5 'Tis well when at his throne
They wrestle, weep, and pray;
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

6 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love,
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

7 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
" From earth and sin arise,
" Join with the host of virgin souls
" Made to salvation wise."

HYMN 301. 8s. *Original.*

1 MY God, for more wisdom I pant,
More heavenly wisdom bestow;
I ask from a sense of my want,
Thou wilt not deny me, I know,
More wisdom my vileness to see;
That low in the dust I may lie;
A place the most suited for me,
To watch when my Lord shall pass by.

2 More wisdom to order, my God,
Each day's conversation aright;
To bow to the strokes of thy rod,
And drink in thy love with delight.
More wisdom thy glory to see,
In all thy mysterious ways;
In making a rebel like me,
So willing to sing forth thy praise.

HYMN 302. P. M. *Hart.*

Micah vii. 9.

1 COME, ye backsliding sons of God,
(For many such there are)
Who long the paths of sin have trod,
Come cast away despair;
Return to Jesus Christ and see
There's mercy still for such as we.

2 True we cannot pretend to much
Of usefulness or fruit;
But yet the love of Christ is such,
We still retain the root.
Returning prodigals shall find
Tho' they are base, their Father's kind.

3 They who have never gone astray,
Since first the Lord they knew,
Walk in a much more pleasant way,
While we our folly rue:
But tho' we seem to differ thus,
They can't be perfect without us.

The indignation of the Lord
Awhile we will endure;
For we have sinn'd against his word,
But still his grace is sure.
'Tis all a gift, let no man boast,
For Jesus came to save the lost.

HYMN 303. C. M. *Hart.*

Exodus xiv. 13.

1 OH! what a narrow, narrow path,
Is that which leads to life!
Some talk of works, and some of faith,
With warmth, and zeal, and strife.

2 But after all that's said or done,
Let men think what they will,
The strength of every tempted son
Consists in standing still.

3 But for a living soul to stand,
By thousand dangers scar'd,
And feel destruction close at hand,
O! this indeed is hard.

4 To shun this danger, others run
To hide they know not where;
For tho' they fight, no vict'ry's won,
They only beat the air.

5 Lord, let thy Spirit prompt us when
To go, and when to stay;
Attract us with the cords of men,
And we shall not delay.

6 Give pow'r and will, and then command,
And we will follow thee;
And when we're frighten'd, bid us stand,
And thy salvation see.

HYMN 304. P. M. *Anon.*

Adoring Free and Sovereign Mercy.

1 O LORD, how great's the favour,
That we, such sinners poor,
Can, thro' thy blood's sweet savour,
Approach thy mercy's door;
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace:
There wait the welcome message,
That bids us go in peace!

2 Lord, we are helpless creatures,
Full of the deepest need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid, and inly dead;
Our strength is perfect weakness,
And all we have is sin;
Our hearts are all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford us aid;
Where shall we find compassion,
But in the Church's Head?
Jesus, thou art all pity,
O take us to thine arms;
And exercise thy mercy,
To save us from all harms.

4 We'll never cease repeating
Our numberless complaints,
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of saints,
Till we attain the image
Of him we inly love,
And pay our grateful homage,
With all the saints above.

5 Then we, with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing pleasing story
Of Jesu's love so great!
In this blest contemplation
We shall for ever dwell,
And prove such consolation,
As none below can tell.

HYMN 305. C. M. *Irons.*

Embarked for Heaven.

1 BACKWARD I look, and bless the day,
When, call'd by sov'reign grace,
My soul embark'd at carnal bay,
My wretched native place.

2 I came, by Captain Jesus led,
On board electing love:
He took the helm and smiling said,
"I'll steer you safe above."

3 At his command a heavenly wind
Blew a delightful gale,
And leaving death and hell behind,
We hoisted ev'ry sail.

4 Bound for the land of heavenly bliss,
In life's fair book insur'd:
Truth is our chart, we cannot miss
The port, with Christ on board.

HYMN 306. 8.7. *Original.*

We know that all things work together for good.

1 SONS and heirs of tribulation,
Surely, Lord, thy children are,
But a hope of free salvation,
Strengthens us the same to bear:
Tho' we learn this lesson slowly,
How our daily cross to bear,
Thou art humble, meek, and lowly,
And in all our sorrows share.

2 Grace and wisdom still abounding,
All our griefs to sanctify;
All the glory still resounding
To our God that reigns on high.
Thus supported under crosses,
We would ever live to tell,
Through all suff'rings, pains or losses,
Jesus hath done all things well!

HYMN 307. 8.7. *Original.*

1 LIGHT and darkness, pain and pleasure,
Is the Christian's daily lot;
But when Jesus is our treasure,
All our griefs are soon forgot.
Strengthen then our drooping spirits,
By a glimpse of faith in thee,
That, rejoicing in thy merit,
We may sing of victory.

2 Bless our souls with true contrition,
Thro' the faith of Christ thy Son;
That from heart-felt true submission,
We may say, "thy will be done!"
Then let storms of tribulation,
Beat and threaten to destroy,
Thro' the hope of thy salvation,
Praise shall still our souls employ.

HYMN 308. C. M. *Original.*

Justification. Rom. vii. 1.

1 NO condemnation can be brought,
Against the sons of God;
Christ hath for them a clothing wrought,
And wash'd them in his blood.

2 They righteous are in what he's done,
And ever more will be;
They stand complete in Christ the Son,
From condemnation free.

3 When first the Father chose them in
The Son, he did agree
To take on him their ev'ry sin,
Then all the sons were free.

4 Justice demanded all the debt
Of Christ, on whom it laid;
Just at the time the Saviour set,
The debt he came and paid.

5 If Jesus had not paid the debt,
Or suffer'd all the pain;
He ne'er had been at freedom set,
He ne'er had rose again.

6 But when we see the Saviour rise,
Triumphant from the dead;
Our hopes ascend above the skies,
With our victorious head.

HYMN 309. C. M. *Irons.*

Romans viii. 35.

1 NO separation can take place
Between my God and me;
I shall be brought to see his face,
From sin for ever free.

2 No separation, precious thought!
From Christ, my husband dear:
Altho' I nothing to him brought,
He doth for me appear.

3 No separation can arise,
Tho' I a sinner be;
His love I view with great surprize,
For ever fix'd on me.

4 No separation, cheering word,
When I'm in deep distress;
How faithful is my dearest Lord,
A rebel thus to bless.

5 No separation can I know,
From Christ the living vine;
His arm will bring me safely through,
Till I in glory shine.

6 No separation can take place,
In the bright world above;
I shall for ever sing of grace,
And of redeeming love.

HYMN 316. C. M. New.

The union between Jesus and his Church.

1 BEFORE the day-star knew its place,
Or planets went their round;
The Church, in bonds of sov'reign grace,
Were one with Jesus found.

2 In all that Jesus did on earth,
His Church an interest have;
Go, trace him, from his humble birth,
Down to the silent grave.

3 'Twas for his saints, he tasted death;
All glory to his name!
Yet when he yields his dying breath,
With him his saints o'ercame.

4 With him, his members on the tree,
Fulfill'd the law's demands;
"Tis "I in them, and they in me,"
For thus the union stands.

5 Since Jesus slept cold by the dead,
His saints have nought to fear;
For with their glorious suffering head,
His members rejoiced there.

6 When from the tomb we see him rise
Triumphant over death,
He bore his members up the skies,
With Jesus they prevailed.

7 Ye saints, this union can't dissolve,
By which, all things are yours;
Long as eternal years revolve,
Or God himself endures.

HYMN 311. L. M. *Cowper.*

My Soul thirsteth for God.

1 I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share:
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasures there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First wean'd my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

4 Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living, and life-giving stream!

5 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

HYMN 312. C. M. *Medley.*

A gracious God.

1 MY soul, arise, in joyful lays,
Renounce this earthly clod,
Tune all thy pow'rs to sweetest praise,
And sing, thy "gracious God."

2 When in my heart his heav'nly love,
He sweetly sheds abroad,
How joyfully he makes me prove,
He is my gracious God!

3 When Jesus to my sinful soul
Applies his precious blood,
To pardon, cleanse, and make me whole,
I sing my gracious God.

4 In all my trials here below
I humbly kiss his rod;
For this, thro' grace, I surely know:
He's still my gracious God.

5 In all the ways, thro' which I've pass'd,
And all the paths I've trod,
It ever has appear'd, at last,
He's still my gracious God.

6 But when he shall my spirit bring
To heav'n, my bless'd abode,
There to eternity I'll sing,
"Thou art my gracious God."

HYMN 313. 104th. *Medley.*

The Lord will appear.

1 MY soul, Lord, inflame with zeal from above,
Thy praise to proclaim, and sing of thy love;
To lift up my voice in thanksgiving sincere,
This truth to rejoice in: the Lord will appear.

2 How joyful this sound, while daily I find,
Afflictions abound in body and mind;
It oft has afforded relief from my fear,
To find it recorded: the Lord will appear.

3 I have, as I seem, when left in the dark,
Of light not a beam, of love not a spark;
And tho' thus in pain for an evidence clear,
I can't wait in vain, for the Lord will appear.

4 A warfare I find without and within,
With legions combin'd, world, Satan and sin,
Tho' sore they annoy me, I'll be of good cheer,
They shall not destroy me, the Lord will appear.

5 My fears sometimes say, I never shall find
In death's awful day true peace in my mind;
But tho' thus surrounded, yet when I come there,
I can't be confounded, the Lord will appear.

6 My dust he will raise, and glory he'll give
And I to his praise, in heaven shall live;
There he will deliver my soul from all fear,
And to me, for ever, the Lord will appear.

HYMN 314. P. M. *Cowper.*

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He pours the soul with oil,
And makes the heart rejoicing
With the celestial smile.

2 Blessed authors of the blessing!
My God is ever nigh,
Present, to raise the drooping,
To succour, and to cheer!
Before his throne of glory
I soon shall humbly lay,
And there, with all his saints, adore
The wonders of his way.

Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

HYMN 316. P. M. *Burnham.*

Pleading for Salvation.

1 KING of eternal glory,
Reveal thy great salvation,
Display thy grace, in Jesu's face,
That yields sweet consolation.

2 We'd own our vast offences,
Yet hope in thee for ever,
For O dear God, we plead the blood,
Of Zion's dying Saviour.

3 We'd eye the great atonement,
And gratefully adore thee,
E'er wait to prove, eternal love,
And e'er exult before thee.

4 Then shine away our darkness,
As our enlight'ning Saviour,
Then we shall all, before thee fall,
And praise thy name for ever.

5 Fill us thou kind Redeemer,
With love and joy increasing,
Then we will raise, loud songs of praise,
With pleasures never ceasing.

6 To all our waiting spirits,
Victorious grace be given,
Then we shall soon ascend thy throne,
And reign with thee in heaven.

HYMN 317. C. M. *Newton.*

Faith's Review and Expectation, Chron. xvii. 16. 17.

1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

HYMN 318. 8. 7. 4. *Adams.*

Saved by Christ.

1 JESUS, Shepherd of thy people,
Lead us thro' this desert land;
We are weak, and poor, and feeble,
Yet we trust thy mighty hand;
Great Protector,
By thy pow'r alone we stand.

2 All thy sheep shall come to Sion;
With them thou wilt never part:
Beasts of prey, nor roaring lion,
None shall pluck them from thy heart;
All thy chosen
Cost thy wounds, and blood, and smart!

3 In thy bosom safely lodged,
Thine shall rest from danger free;
They shall never more be judged,
Nor shall condemnation see:
Blessed Jesus,
Let us thus rejoice in thee!

HYMN 319. 8.8.6. *Kent.*

The Building of Mercy completed.

1 WHEN, Mercy's building to complete,
Which hell nor sin could ne'er defeat,
The topmost stone shall rise;
Then, shouting grace, the blood-wash'd throng
Of every tribe, and every tongue,
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

2 Then shall the Church, while seraphs gaze,
Outshine the sun's meridian blaze,
In her divine array;
While grace, eternity along,
Shall sound in high immortal song,
That sweet harmonious lay.

3 Founded in grace, for ever sure,
This glorious fabric shall endure
When time his race has run;
Cemented with a Saviour's blood,
Who, for his saints, the wine-press trod,
In mystic union one.

4 In God's great will, the scheme was laid,
Before his hands the mountains weigh'd,
Or spread the unknown seas;
Then did his arms of love embrace
A seed, elect, of Adam's race,
His glorious grace to praise.

5 Transporting thought! awake my soul,
And bid the lagging moments roll,
That keep thee from the skies;
Soon thou shalt bid the world adieu,
With sorrows, sins, and suff'rings too:
Lift up, with joy, thine eyes.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

HYMN 320. C. M. *Medley.*

Whosoever will let him come. Rev. xxii. 17.

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant free, and clear.

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring!
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring!

4 Whoever will, (O gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake;
Come thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesu's sake!

5 Millions of sinners vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

HYMN 321. C. M. *Irons.*

Encouraged.

1 COME, humble soul, with guilt oppress'd,
No longer yield to doubt;
"Come," says the Saviour, "to my breast,"
"I will not cast you out."

2 "Tho' you have long my grace withstood,
"And are defil'd throughout;
"I'll cleanse, and save you by my blood,
"And never cast you out."

3 "I broke sin's power, I made you pray,
"What are your fears about?
"Believe me, sinner, when I say,
"I will not cast you out."

4 "When first you bow'd before my feet,
"Angels began to shout;
"My work of grace I must complete,
"I will not cast you out."

5 O, for a strong heroic faith,
To conquer every doubt;
I'll credit what my Saviour saith,
He will not cast me out.

HYMN 322. 148th. *Phippard.*

God reasoning with Men. Isaiah i. 18.

1 YE sin-sick souls draw near;
And banquet with your King,
His royal bounty share
And loud hosannahs sing;
Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds,
Here's blood to heal your dreadful wounds.

2 Here's clothing for the poor,
Here's comfort for the weak:
Here's strength for tempted souls,
And cordials for the sick:
Here's all a soul can want or need,
Laid up in Christ the living head.

3 He's on a throne of grace,
And waits to answer pray'r:
What tho' thy sin and guilt,
Like crimson doth appear,
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all thy woes.

4 O wond'rous love and grace,—
Did Jesus die for me?
Were all my num'rous debts
Discharg'd on Calv'ry?
Yes, Jesus died, the work is done,
He did for all my sins atone.

5 On earth I'll sing his love;
In heav'n I too shall join
The ransom'd of the Lord,
In accents all divine;
And see my Saviour face to face,
And ever dwell in his embrace.

HYMN 323. 104th. *Medley.*

The poor and afflicted. Zeph. iii. 12.

1 COME, sinners who mourn your wretched estate,
To Jesus return whose love is so great,
He never rejected the sinner that came;
"The poor and afflicted" shall trust in his name.

2 Though helpless, and weak, yet come to the Lord:
He still bids you seek, and help he'll afford;
Though him you've neglected, his love is the same,
Ye poor and afflicted, O, trust in his name.

3 Though Satan and sin are heavily felt,
He will take you in, and pardon your guilt;
Though deeply convicted, and cover'd with shame,
Tho' poor and afflicted, yet trust in his name.

4 Tho' ever so vile, so loathsome, and poor,
Upon you he'll smile, and grant you a cure;
Though you have expected to suffer hell's flame,
Such poor and afflicted shall trust in his name.

5 In Zion, of old, were just such as you,
The Scriptures have told, and they must be true
Then be not dejected, tho' filthy and lame,
The poor and afflicted shall trust in his name.

6 O, bring me, through grace to glory above,
To see Jesu's face, and sing of his love;
The poor and afflicted, however they came,
Shall there be collected, and bless his dear name.

HYMN 324. L. M. *Hart.*

Matt. xxiv. 35.

1 THE moon and stars shall lose their light;
The sun shall sink in endless night;
Both heaven and earth shall pass away!
The works of nature all decay.

2 But they that in the Lord confide,
And shelter in his wounded side,
Shall see the danger over past;
Stand ev'ry storm; and live at last.

3 What Christ hath said must be fulfill'd,
On this firm rock, believers, build,
His word shall stand, his truth prevail;
And not one jot or title fail.

4 His word is this (poor sinners, hear)
"Believe on me, and banish fear,
"Cease from your own works, bad or good:
"And wash your garments in my blood."

HYMN 325. 148th. *Hart.*

Set your affection on things above. Col. iii. 2.

1 COME raise your thankful voice,
Ye souls redeem'd with blood;
Leave earth, and all its toys,
And mix no more with mud.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jesu's blood redeem'd.

2 Christians are priests and kings,
All born of heav'nly birth;
Then think on nobler things,
And grovel not on earth.
Dearly, &c.

3 With heart, and soul, and mind,
Exalt redeeming love;
Leave worldly cares behind,
And set your mind above.
Dearly, &c.

4 Lift up your ravish'd eyes,
And view the glory giv'n,
All lower things despise,
Ye citizens of heav'n.
Dearly, &c.

5 Be to this world as dead,
Alive to that to come;
Our life in Christ is hid,
Who soon shall call us home.
Dearly, &c.

HYMN 326. 8. 7. *Hart.*

Put on the whole Armour of God. Eph. vi. 10.

1 GIRD thy loins up, christian soldier,
Lo! thy Captain calls thee out;
Let the danger make thee bolder;
War in weakness: dare in doubt.
Buckle on thy heav'nly armour;
Patch up no inglorious peace;
Let thy courage wax the warmer
As thy foes and fears increase.

2 Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
Truth to keep thee firm and tight:
Never shall the foe confound thee,
While the truth maintains thy fight,
Righteousness within thee rooted
May appear to take thy part:
But let righteousness imputed
Be the breast-plate of thy heart.

3 Shod with gospel preparation,
In the paths of promise tread;
Let the hope of free salvation,
As a helmet, guard thy head,
When beset with various evils,
Wield the Spirit's two-edg'd sword;
Cut thy way thro' hosts of devils,
While they fall before the word.

4 But when dangers closer threaten,
And thy soul draws near to death;
When assaulted sore by Satan,
Then object the shield of faith;

Fiery darts of fierce temptations,
Intercepted by thy God,
There shall lose their force in patience,
Sheath'd in love, and quench'd in blood.

5 Tho' to speak thou be not able,
Always pray, and never rest;
Pray'r 's a weapon for the feeble;
Weakest souls can wield it best,
Ever on thy Captain calling,
Make thy worst condition known:
He shall hold thee up when falling,
Or shall lift thee up when down.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

HYMN 327. C. M. *Burnham.*

Union of a Church.

1 "GATHER my saints together," speaks
The great eternal Three;"
"Join them in bonds of sacred peace,
"And let them worship me.

2 "Let them in flocks together meet,
"Together pray and praise;
"Cleave to each other, cleave to me,
"And walk in all my ways.

3 "Never forsake my dwelling place,
"But love fair Zion's hill;
"Feast on the things my house afords,
"And all my sorrows feel.

4 "Pastor and people all agree,
"To live in constant peace;
"Watch for each other's mutual good,
"And each fill up his place.

5 Lord, we'd obey the great command,
'Tis wise, 'tis just, 'tis right;
Tends to promote the sweetest love,
And each to each unite.

6 Lord, may this church grow up in grace,
And in affection shine;
Prove the pure joys that ever flow,
From christian union.

METRE 226. C. M. DOXOLOGY.

Or an evening or a morning.

1 DEAR Saviour, may this church of thine,
Flourish in all thy ways,
Increase in love, abound in zeal,
And grow in sweet praise.

2 Still as days with the paths of truth,
Thy grounds [illegible]
And [illegible]
Along [illegible] way.

3 May nothing break the bonds of love,
Or hide thy brighter face,
But all with growing warmth aspire,
And pant for growing peace.

4 May the dear pastor of the flock
Be faithful, and sincere,
Preach the whole council of the Lord,
And firmly persevere.

5 O let him see the hand of love
Sealing the gospel word,
And feel an unction all divine
Descending from the Lord.

6 May all the blessings of a God
In rich abundance fall;
Pastor and people all rejoice,
And Christ be all in all.

HYMN 322. C. M. Evening.

Christ the way to all good.

1 NOW may we all admire the way
The great highway to God,
The way of everlasting love,
Revealed in flowing blood.

2 This is the way of peace and life,
The way of joy and peace,
The way of everlasting strength,
The way of grace and love.

3 Salvation in this way is found,
And all abounding good:
Rivers of glory rise and flow,
In this delightful road.

4 Lord, may we run the blissful way,
Keeping the cross in view,
Run for the pure eternal prize
That now appears in view.

5 O may we end our happy course
With prospects all divine;
And in the brilliant realms above
May we for ever shine.

6 There will we sing the glorious way
That led us to the throne;
And raise the most melodious sounds,
To thy dear name alone.

HYMN 330. S. M. *Kent.*

The Church coming up from the Wilderness. Can. viii. 5

1 FROM sin's dark thorny maze,
To Canaan's fertile plains,
A trav'ling fair one in distress,
On her beloved leans.

2 Thro' fire and flood, she goes,
A weakling more than strong;
Vents in his bosom all her woes,
And leaning, moves along.

3 When dangers round her press,
And darkness veils the skies;
She leans upon his righteousness,
From whence her hopes arise.

4 When guilt a mighty flood,
Her trembling conscience pains.
Then on his peace-procuring blood,
This trav'ling fair one leans.

5 She views the cov'nant sure,
Her hopes all centre there;
And on his bosom leans secure,
Whose temples bled for her.

6 O'er Jordan's chilling flood,
When call'd by death to go,
She, leaning on her cov'nant God,
Shall pass triumphant through.

HYMN 331. 8.7.4. *Kent.*

The Church chosen in the furnace of Affiiction.

1 SONS of God, in tribulation,
Let your eyes the Saviour view,
He's the Rock of our salvation,
He was try'd and tempted too:
All to succour
Ev'ry tempted burden'd son.

2 'Tis, if need be, he reprove us,
Lest we settle on our lees;
Yet, he in the furnace loves us,
'Tis exprest in words like these;
"I am with thee,
"Israel, passing through the fire."

3 To his Church, his joy, and treasure,
Ev'ry trial works for good;
They are dealt in weight and measure,
Yet how little understood!
Not in anger,
But from his dear cov'nant love.

4 With afflictions he may scourge us,
Send a cross for ev'ry day:
Blast our gourds but not to purge us
From our sins, as some would say;
They were number'd
On the 'scape goat's head of old.

5 If to-day he deigns to bless us
With a sense of pardon'd sin;
Perhaps to-morrow he'll distress us,
Make us feel the plague within:
All to make us
Sick of self and fond of him.

HYMN 332. 7s. *Swain.*

Mutual Encouragement.

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end.
Forward then with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
" Child, your Father calls—come home!

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each ungarded part:
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
" Child, your Father calls—come home!"

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within,
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these,
Then the joyful news will come,
" Child, your Father calls—come home!"

HYMN 333. C. M. *Swain.*

The Garden of Grace.

1 A GARDEN fenc'd from common earth
By special sov'reign grace,
Enrich'd with plants of heav'nly birth,
The Church of Jesus is.

2 His Gospel is the open sky,
His love the shining sun;
Rivers of peace, which never dry,
Through all this garden run.

3 His Spirit is the heav'nly wind
That o'er this garden blows,
And, op'ning each immortal mind,
The Saviour's image shows.

4 Faith, like an ivy, to the Rock
That stands for ever cleaves,
And through the tempest's loudest shock
Eternal calm perceives.

5 Assurance, like a cedar rears
Its stately branches high,
Beyond the reach of doubts and fears,
And blossoms in the sky.

HYMN 334. C. M. *Swain.*

The same.

1 HERE Love appears a fruitful vine,
From Christ the bleeding root
Receiving life and sap divine,
And bears immortal fruit.

2 Humility, a lily fair,
Transplanted from on high,
Grows here, perfuming all the air
With sweets that never die.

3 Firm Patience, like an aloe strong,
By storms unshaken grows,
And changing scenes enduring long,
At length in glory blows.

4 Here Hope, a lively evergreen,
Displays her smiling face;
And flow'rs of every hue are seen,—
But all are plants of grace!

HYMN 335. 8.7.4. *Irons.*

1 Cor. iii. 16.

1 SEE, my soul, a structure rising
From the wreck of Adam's race;
'Midst ten thousand foes despising,
'Tis the work of sov'reign grace;
Blessed Temple
Here Jehovah shows his face.

2 By eternal love contrived,
Built with precious polish'd stones,
All its glory is derived
From the blood which there atones:
In this Temple
God himself our worship owns.

3 Here's the ark, the priest, and altar,
Incense, bread, and holy fire;—
Sacrifice for each defaulter;—
All that God and heaven require;
Sacred Temple,
God and man thy walls admire.

4 Oh! my soul, art thou united
To the temple of the Lord?
Then he has in thee delighted,
And thou shalt his love record;
In his temple
Be his holy name ador'd.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

BEFORE EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 336. L. M. *Burnham.*

1 NOW, we are met in holy fear,
To hear the happy saints declare,
The free compassions of a God,
The virtues of a Saviour's blood.

2 Jesus, assist them now to tell,
What they have felt and now they feel;
O Saviour help them to express,
The wonders of triumphant grace.

3 While to the church they freely own,
What for their souls the Lord hath done,
We'd join to praise eternal love,
And heighten all the joys above.

HYMN 337. C. M. *Anon.*

1 ASSIST thy children, gracious Lord,
Thy goodness to declare;
Help them to dwell upon thy word,
And wrestle hard in pray'r.

2 Their lips now touch, their hearts inflame,
And help them to set forth
What they do know of Jesu's name,
And of his matchless worth.

3 Eternal Spirit, help them now
Of Jesu's love to speak;
And may we all before him bow,
And worship at his feet.

HYMN 338. 122. *Swain.*

1 HOW pleasant is the gate
Where willing converts wait
For fellowship with Zion here;
Where they with wonder tell
How they escap'd from hell,
And hope in glory to appear.

2 With wonder we attend
While they the sinners Friend
With tears of holy joy extol;
Each heart. once hard as steel,
Now made for sin to feel,
Bears tokens of a ransom'd soul.

3 No more of self they boast,
They humbly own the cost
Of their salvation freely paid;
The sins which make them groan,
And must have sunk them down,
They now behold on Jesus laid.

4 No place to them so sweet
As Mary's at his feet,
No music equal to his name;
No doctrine they approve,
But his redeeming love,
Which freely bore their sin and shame.

5 In him the law they view,
And the sweet gospel too;
With humble hope and holy fear,
Through his atoning blood,
They now draw nigh to God,
And his bright wedding garment wear.

HYMN 339. S.M. *Irons.*

Zion's Increase.

1 ZION, behold thy sons
And daughters, as foretold,
In order stand, like polish'd stones,
Or jewels set in gold.

2 Zion aloud rejoice,
At trophies newly won,
While saints proclaim with cheerful voice,
What God for them has done.

3 Zion expand thine arms;
Receive the new born race;
Attracted by the Saviour's charms,
And saved by his grace.

4 Zion, adore thy King,
Whose sov'reign grace, alone,
New converts from the world can bring,
And claim them for his own.

5 Zion, unceasing pray,
Till Satan's banners fall,
Till Jesus shall his sceptre sway,
And be ador'd by all.

AFTER EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 340. 8. 7. *Anon.*

1 HEAV'NLY Father, hear our praises,
All our hearts in union bring;
Led by thee thro' various mazes,
Here we meet thy praise to sing.
Hosts seraphic, lend your voices,
'Tis for mortal tongues too much;
Hark! my soul, all heav'n rejoices,
While their theme we feebly touch.

2 O what new-felt joys surround us,
Joys that swell the notes above;
They rejoice when Jesus found us,
Brought us to his fold of love:
Here his sheep a place afford us,
They rejoice to see us come:
'Twas the Shepherd's blood that bought us,
May he never let us roam.

3 May he in these pastures feed us,
Make them green and fresh to grow;
May he by those waters lead us,
Make them pure, and constant flow:
Let the sheep in love restore us,
When we wander from thy ways:
May the shepherd go before us,
Lead and guide us all our days,

HYMN 341. C. M. *Burnham.*

1 DEAR Saviour, we rejoice to hear,
Poor sinners sweetly tell,
How thou art pleas'd to save from sin,
From sorrow, death and hell.

2 Lord, we unite to praise thy name,
For grace so freely giv'n;
Still may they keep in Zion's road,
And dwell at last in heav'n.

HYMN 342. L. M. *Burnham.*

Taking Persons into a Church.

1 FIRST have these lovers of the word,
Yielded their souls to Christ the Lord;
Now to the church themselves they give,
Now to the Saviour may they live.

2 Lord, may these honour'd saints of thine,
Ever on thy dear breast recline;
Thy name revere, thy word obey;
And, O, for ever, watch and pray.

3 May they continue in thy ways,
Delight to pray, delight to praise;
May they with us abide in love,
And shortly soar to realms above.

HYMN 343. L. M. *Burnham.*

The same.

1 THESE honour'd saints, redeem'd by blood
Now join the living church of God;
Drawn by the force of sov'reign grace,
In Zion now they take their place.

2 With pleasure we the saints behold,
Joining the great Redeemer's fold;
May we with them for ever prove,
A gospel church, the house of love.

HYMN 344. C. M. *Burnham.*

The same.

1 O WITH what pleasure we behold,
Sinners to Canaan move,
Leaving the fleeting things of earth,
For greater things above.

2 These saints have openly confess'd,
The great Immanuel's name;
And with delight the church receives,
The lovers of the Lamb.

3 Lord, may they ever live to thee,
And grow in heav'nly love;
Still may they fight the fight of faith,
'Till crown'd with those above.

HYMN 345. C. M. *Anon.*

Praying for a Blessing on newly-received Members.

1 JESUS, behold thy children stand,
Void of allowed guile;
Join'd to this honour'd church of thine,
They wait the approving smile.

2 Great God, thy sacred unction give,
And each to each endear;
Now may we all most sweetly feel
That Zion's king is here.

3 Sincerely may we all go on,
Zealous in thy dear ways;
Aim to promote the Saviour's cause,
And live the Saviour's praise.

HYMN 346. C. M. *Anon.*

Prayer for Church Union. Col. ii. 2.

1 GIVER of concord, Prince of Peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God!
Bid our unruly passions cease,
O quench them with thy blood!

2 O let thy love our hearts constrain,
Jesus, the crucify'd!
What hast thou done our hearts to gain!
Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

3 Us into closer union draw,
And in our inward parts,
Let kindnesss sweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.

4 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move;
And force a frowning world to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

HYMN 347. C. M. *Anon.*

Church Union. Col. ii. 2.

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixt in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have burn'd, while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stoop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and blest,
And fill'd the enlarg'd desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heav'ns are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
O! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee God.

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own:

6 May we, a little band of love,
Be sinners, sav'd by grace;
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face!

HYMN 348. L. M. *Burnham.*

The Christian Union.

1 JESUS thy name is sweet to me,
For worlds I would not part from thee:
Of all the names in heav'n above,
There's none so sweet as thine, my love.

2 In thee immortal beauties shine,
In thee th' united brethren join;
In thee all ransom'd souls delight,
In thee thy people's hearts unite.

3 Thou art our God, and thou alone;
May we in spirit all be one;
One with each other let us be,
And one with Christ eternally.

4 Thy people, Lord, are of one mind,
And each to each their hearts are join'd;
Nor earth, nor hell, nor depth, nor height,
Their fellowship can disunite.

5 Jesus, Jehovah's only Son,
With God the Father thou art one;
So are thy children one with thee,
In sweet and endless unity.

6 The world may all in pieces break,
And heaven and earth endure a wreck;
The church of Christ for ever stands
Immoveable in Jesu's hands.

HYMN 349. 122. *Swain.*

Christian Prospect.

1 'TIS heaven begun below
To hear Christ's praises flow,
In Zion, where his name is known;
What will it be above
To sing redeeming love,
And cast our crowns before his throne?

2 When we adore him there
We shall be void of fear,
Nor faith, nor hope, nor patience, need;
Love will absorb us quite,
Love in the midst of light,
On God's eternal love shall feed.

3 Oh! what sweet company
We then shall here and see,
What harmony will there abound,
When souls unnumber'd sing
The praise of Zion's King,
Nor one dissenting voice is found!

4 With everlasting joy,
Such as will never cloy,
We shall be fill'd, nor wish for more;
Bright as meridian day,
Calm as the evening ray,
Full as a sea without a shore.

5 Till that blest period come,
Zion shall be my home;
And may I never thence remove;
Till from the church below
To heaven at once I go,
And there commune in perfect love.

BAPTISM.

HYMN 350. 148th. *Original.*

1 ASSEMBLED in thy fear,
Thy name we would confess;
O, may we find thee near,
This ordinance to bless!
From unbelieving fears set free,
And fix our eyes and hearts on thee.

2 No merits of our own,
Would we attempt to bring,
But would all self disown,
And of thy mercy sing:
Of him that died to save his foes,
And then from death triumphant rose.

3 Obedient to thy voice,
We now attend the sign,
Thy will becomes our choice,
Ourselves we now resign
Into the hands of Christ our friend,
While in the water we descend.

4 Then onward may we go,
Rejoicing in the Lord;
Who sweetens all our woe,
By cordials from his word.
'Till from our Lord the message come—
Your heavenly Father calls you home.

HYMN 351. 8. 7. *Burnham.*

If ye love me, keep my Commandments.

1 O YE blood-wash'd ransom'd sinners,
Highly favor'd of the Lord,
Now ye prove your love to Jesus,
By regarding of his word.

2 See his wat'ry tomb before you;
Hear him echo—"follow me;"
For beneath the streams of Jordan,
Christ your great Redeemer lay.

3 Yes—beneath those honor'd waters,
Great Immanuel was baptiz'd;
Out of which he then ascended,
And the Father was well pleas'd.

4 Love constrains you all to follow
Jesus to his liquid grave;
Now look up, expect his presence,
Which he's promis'd you shall have.

5 Jesus come: thine approbation
May we gladly see and feel;
Cause, O cause the heav'ns to open,
And thy wond'rous love reveal.

6 Joys exulting be imparting,
Transports, raptures, all divine!
Now, O now, on all our spirits,
May thine heav'nly glories shine.

HYMN 352. C. M. *Burnham.*

Preach the Word.

1 LORD, may the messenger of peace,
Thy ev'ry truth proclaim;
Sway'd by the force of sov'reign grace,
Baptize in thy great name.

2 If twice ten thousand foes withstand,
Thy word is still the same;
Still we obey thy great command,
Baptize in thy great name.

3 Fearless of all that men can say,
We trace the heav'nly Lamb;
Pursue him in the wat'ry way,
Baptizing in his name.

4 Lord, while thy saints thus follow thee,
Thy glory is their aim;
Constrain'd by love, they long to be
Baptiz'd in thy great name.

5 Come, Jesus in thy flaming car,
Thy mercy now proclaim;
Smile on thy children while they are
Baptiz'd in thy great name.

6 Lord, bid our ev'ry fear be gone,
Support each weaker frame;
Bless'd with thy presence, we'll go on,
Baptizing in thy name.

HYMN 353. S. M. *Burnham.*

1 THOU great incarnate God,
Behold thy children stand;
Warm'd with the fire of love divine,
They bow to thy command.

2 When buried with the Lord,
May they his presence find;
Prove that the pleasures of his throne
Are with obedience join'd.

3 When rising from the stream,
Lord, shew thy lovely face;
May all the joys of heav'n descend,
And glory fill the place.

4 Then may these happy saints,
In thy commandments run;
'Till they shall reach the realms of bliss,
And mount Immanuel's throne.

5 There they shall sit and sing,
The once baptized Lamb;
Make all the courts of heav'n resound,
With his eternal name.

6 Then with what sacred joy,
They'll tune their Saviour's praise!
Millions of millions there shall join,
To swell the heav'nly lays.

HYMN 354. P. M. *Burnham.*

1 NOW, thou dearest Saviour come,
Meet us as we travel home,
While we, with affection,
Own thy wise direction;
Own thee in the wat'ry tomb;
Help us to prize the flowing blood,
Baptiz'd in all the glory
Of our incarnate God:
Kindly descend from realms above,
And plunge us in thy dying love;
Then may we rise in endless peace,
And sing, and wonder at thy grace.
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.

2 May we see the brighter road,
Op'ning all in scenes of blood,
Own our gracious guardian,
Once baptiz'd in Jordan,
All amidst the smiles of God;
More may we joy in thee, the Lamb,
And swell the flowing praises,
Of thy atoning name:
Ne'er may thy saints forget the day
They were baptiz'd in love to thee,
Rising in God may they go on,
'Till all transported round the throne.
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.

HYMN 355. L. M. *Anon.*

The ordinance of Baptism.

1 GREAT Three in One! Almighty Lord!
We bless thee for thy written word,
Whereby thy gracious will is known,
And how thy saints their God shall own.

2 Christ's precept and example too,
We wish the scoffing world to shew;
This is the path our Saviour trod,
And in this way we'd own our God.

3 'Tis not the obedience of a slave,
Nor with a view our souls to save,
That we in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And follow thus our living head.

4 His grace and wisdom mark'd the way,
His love constrains us to obey;
He, by his Spirit, let us see
His sweet commands, how wise they be.

5 He died, and in the grave did lay
Until the third, th' appointed day;
He rose, now we his burial shew,
His glorious resurrection too.

6 Lord, condescend on us to smile,
Then haughty sinners may revile;
Our highest honor we esteem
To own our Lord, and follow him.

7 Great Three in One! Almighty Lord!
Still guide us by thy written word;
From men's invention keep us free,
And may we follow none but thee!

HYMN 356. 148th. *Burnham*

1 LORD of abounding grace,
Shine from thy glorious throne:
With thy transporting smiles,
This institution crown;
In strains of rapture may we sing,
While we confess our Lord and King.

2 Jordan we call to mind,
Where Jesus was baptiz'd;
Where the eternal God,
Proclaim'd himself well pleas'd;
Where the bright scenes of glory shone,
Around the everlasting Son.

3 Inspir'd with love and zeal,
The grateful saints pursue,
The pleasing paths of God,
With Jesus in their view;
They own their Saviour strong to save;
They own him in the wat'ry grave.

4 Now, Jesus, come, and bless
This ordinance of thine;
O bless thy waiting saints,
With blessings all divine;
Give them a soul-refreshing sight,
Of all the blissful realms of light.

HYMN 357. P. M. *Anon.*

Calling to follow Jesus.

1 COME, my Father's family,
Ye ransom'd of the Lord,
Come, ye sinners, who with me
Are ev'ry where abhor'd;
Let us gladly trace his steps,
Who suffer'd death among the Jews,
Whom the friendless soul accepts,
Whom all beside refuse.

2 Jesus, the despis'd and mean,
Our Master let us own,
He the sacrifice for sin,
The Saviour he alone:
Let us take and bear his cross,
Despis'd disciples let us be:
Mock'd and slighted, as he was
For you, my friends, and me.

3 None but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore:
He, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for evermore:
None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
Nor one on earth our praise may claim,
None but Jesus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN 358. S. M. *Anon.*

Admiring the conduct of the Sheep of Christ in following him.

1 WITH pleasure we behold
Emmanuel's offsprings come;
As sheep are gather'd to the fold,
And left no more to roam.

2 The way the Shepherd trod,
They freely choose to go;
Mov'd by the powerful love of God,
They leave this world below.

3 This watery path they own,
Their Saviour's cross they view;
And resting on his blood alone,
By faith they journey through.

4 Among the flocks they rest,
In pastures fresh and green;
With peace and safety ever blest,
And pleasures all serene.

HYMN 359. S. M. *Original.*

1 NOW, Lord, at thy command,
We cheerfully obey;
And bless that loving heart and hand,
That brought us in the way.

2 We stand before thee now,
And nothing have to bring,
But at thy feet would humbly bow,
And of thy grace would sing.

3 In thine appointed way,
We now would follow thee;
While from our hearts constrain'd to say,
"Why me, O Lord, why me?"

4 Then may the eternal Three
His presence now afford,
And we through all eternity,
His love to us record.

HYMN 360. C. M. *Original.*

1 GREAT sov'reign Lord, and King of kings,
Obedient to thy voice,
We turn from all inferior things,
And make thy will our choice.

2 We've heard thy voice and felt the power,
And since we know thy will,
We now embrace the present hour,
Thy precept to fulfill.

3 Sweet precept to my soul, 'tis this,
" Poor soul, I died for thee,
" And all I ask for what I've done,
" Is, come and follow me.

4 " Thy debts are paid, thy guilt I bore,
" The floods o'erwhelm'd my soul,
" Thy sun has rose to set no more,
" My sufferings makes thee whole."

5 Then in that name with sweet surprize,
Of the great sacred Three,
We now draw near to be baptiz'd
And thus would follow thee,

HYMN 361. 8. 8. 6. *Original.*

1 GREAT Three in One, whose matchless love,
Exceeds bright seraphs songs above,
In heaven's unmeasur'd plains;
Permit a worm's attempt to raise
This Ebenezer to thy praise,
Tho' in most feeble strains.

2 What a display of sov'reign grace
To thine elect, thy chosen race,
Is Jesus Christ the Lord;
Who left the realms of joy above,
To unfold eternal cov'nant love,
Oh, be his name ador'd.

3 But 'ere in public he appear'd,
To Jordan's streams he first repair'd,
To be baptiz'd by John;
To shew to all who own his name,
And act as followers of the Lamb,
How they should put him on.

4 Then shall we fear to follow him,
Whose pierced side pour'd forth a stream
To wash our guilt away?
Blest Jesus, let us hear thy voice,
Make us in thy dear name rejoice,
And glory to obey.

5 Then help me, Lord, to take my cross,
To count all things but dung and dross,
So that I'm found in thee;
And when thou dost thy jewels count,
To fix them in thy holy mount,
O, think of worthless me.

6 Then with the blood-redeemed throng,
We'll join the everlasting song,
With shouts of sov'reign grace;
And sing, with heaven's unnumber'd host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To everlasting days.

HYMN 362. 7s. *Original.*

1 OUT of Adam's fallen race,
See a few redeem'd by grace,
At thy feet would humbly fall,
Crowning thee as Lord of all.

2 Nothing left for us to do,
But to keep thy word in view,
Deaf to all that men can say,
Lo, we now behold the way.

3 Thou wast once baptiz'd in blood,
Typified by Jordan's flood,
By thy suff'rings we're set free;
Yes, my soul, 'twas all for thee!

4 Now we follow Christ, our friend,
While in water we descend,
Wond'ring we should ever be,
Favor'd thus to follow thee.

5 Let our few remaining days,
Be devoted to thy praise;
On this wonder ever dwell,
Jesus saves from sin and hell.

HYMN 363. C. M. *Original.*

1 COME, ye redeem'd by precious blood,
Assist us now to sing;
In praise of our redeeming Lord,
Let loud hosannahs ring.

2 Our Jesus sunk beneath the weight
Of our tremendous guilt;
Now, seated on a throne of state,
He says, "ask what thou wilt."

3 Our joint request we now would make,
And in it all agree,
That for thy matchless mercy's sake,
We now may follow thee.

4 In this thine own appointed way,
With wonder and surprise;
We would no longer now delay,
But rise and be baptiz'd.

5 Then let our few remaining days,
Until this life shall cease,
Be sweetly spent in prayer and praise,
And then depart in peace.

HYMN 364. 148th. *Original.*

1 POOR sinner now behold,
And see what grace will do,
To sin and Satan sold,
But mercy brought us through.
Our Jesus brought salvation down,
And he shall ever wear the crown.

2 Thus we are not our own,
But bought with blood most free;
False tracks we would disown,
And now would follow thee.
In this thine own appointed way,
Nor care what sin nor Satan say.

3 Now, Lord, at thy command,
We in the water go;
Uphold us by thine hand,
And enter with us too.
Vouchsafe on us thy face to shine,
And all the glory shall be thine.

HYMN 365. C. M. *Original.*

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, we owe,
To our redeeming Lord,
That we by grace were brought to know,
The Saviour and his blood.

2 When Jesus into Jordan went,
This act it loudly spoke,
That he to die for us was sent,
And break our heavy yoke.

3 Our debts are paid, our souls are free,
And we shall die no more;
Thus we're constrain'd to follow thee,
Where thou hast gone before.

4 Let saints attend, and follow too,
It is the king's highway;
Obey the word, it must be true,
Whatever men may say.

5 Now, Holy Ghost, do thou display
The love of Christ, and show,
That, like the eunuch, on our way,
Rejoicing we may go.

HYMN 366. C. M. *Original.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, God of grace,
Display thy mighty power,
And with thy glory fill the place,
And bless this sacred hour.

2 As monuments of mighty grace,
Before thee we appear;
Thy footsteps we would ever trace,
And serve thee without fear.

3 O'erwhelm'd in Jordan's sacred flood,
My Saviour 's gone before,
To prove my sins were drown'd in blood,
And can be seen no more.

4 Then hear thy Lord most kindly speak,—
"If thou hast love to me,
"Come, prove that love, however weak,
"And come and follow me."

5 Take up thy cross, despise the shame,
And reverence his word;
If Christ approve, who dare to blame?
Come, and obey thy Lord.

6 Then in the name of Israel's God,
The eternal One in Three,
We come, at thy commanding word,
And now would follow thee.

LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 367. C. M. *Berridge.*

Luke xiv. 13. 14.

1 A FEAST of fat things Jesus makes,
With store of choicest wine,
And starved souls he calls and takes
To sit with him and dine.

2 Come all ye poor, who cannot buy,
Yet long for living bread;
The Saviour will your wants supply,
And make you rich indeed.

3 Come every sick and bruised soul,
Who sigh with guilty smart;
This feast will make the maimed whole,
And heal a bleeding heart.

4 Come all ye lame and crippled throng,
Who limp in Jesu's ways;
His table food will make you strong,
And dance, and sing his praise.

5 Come all ye blind that inly pine
For faith's reviving light;
A cup of Jesu's precious wine
Will clear your cloudy sight.

6 The poor and maimed, blind and lame,
May come to Jesu's feast:
And all that come will bless his name,
When of his cheer they taste.

HYMN 368. 7s. *Berridge.*

Proverbs xxii. 9.

1 JESUS hath a bounteous eye,
Calls the sick and needy nigh,
Seeks the friendless as they roam,
Brings the wretched outcasts home.

2 Gathers crouds around his door,
Looks and smiles upon the poor,
Gives the bread for which they cry,
Bread, which princes cannot buy!

3 Pleas'd to help them in their need,
Pleas'd if hungry they can feed,
Pleas'd to hear them tell their case,
Pleas'd to cheer them with his grace.

4 All that hunger for his bread,
May and will be kindly fed:
He will pass no beggar by,
You may eat, and so may I.

5 Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Let the poor exalt his name,
Raise your voice, as angels raise,
Sing, and give him all the praise.

6 Jesus, with thy bread, impart
Something of thy bounteous heart;
I would learn to copy thee,
Feed the poor, as thou dost *me*.

HYMN 369. C. M. *Cowper.*

1 THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were press'd, to fill the cup.

2 Oh, bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls, appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

HYMN 370. L. M. *Newton.*

Christ Crucified.

1 WHEN on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart;
In ev'ry groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes;
But see! he bows his head, and dies!

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood!
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 Oh, that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

HYMN 371. 7s. *Newton.*

It is good to be here.

1 LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away:
While I see him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me!

2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
Shews my sin in all its guilt:
Ah! my soul, he bore thy load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3 Hark! his dying word, "Forgive,
Father, let the sinner live;
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay."

4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.

5 Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,
Now I see the bleeding cross;
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee!

6 He has dearly bought my soul;
Lord, accept, and claim the whole!
To thy will I all resign,
Now, no more my own, but thine.

HYMN 372. C. M. *Burnham.*

Admiration of a Dying Saviour.

1 ADMIRE, my soul, what God hath wrought
Redeeming wonders trace,
See in the life and death of Christ,
Strange miracles of grace.

2 He wrought salvation all complete,
For Zion's favour'd sons,
With oaths, and promises, and blood,
And deep expiring groans!

3 What did the suff'ring Saviour say,
Before he clos'd his eyes,
"Transgression's finish'd, Hell's o'erturn'd,"
And lo! the Conqu'ror dies!

4 See, O my soul, the dying man,
Adore the living God,
Ah, well survey salvation's plan,
And sing the Saviour's blood.

HYMN 373. 112th. *Anon.*

1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word of grace,
We meet thee at thy table, Lord;
Oh, let us see thy smiling face,
And one reviving look afford:
To us the bread of life be giv'n,
The bread which cometh down from heav'n.

2 We are unworthy, we confess,
One crumb of children's bread to taste;
But clothed in thy righteousness,
We humbly venture to the feast!
Amidst thy saints, dear Lord, appear,
And manifest thy presence here.

3 With heav'nly food our souls refresh,
To us be known in breaking bread:
Tasting the symbol of thy flesh,
May we on sovereign mercy feed:
Remind us how thy precious blood
Was shed to seal our peace with God.

HYMN 374. L. M. *Hart.*

The needy soul venturing to the Ordinance.

1 PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word,
But own my heart, with shame and grief,
A sink of sin and unbelief.

2 Lord, in thy house, I read, there's room,
And vent'ring hard, behold I come:
But can there, tell me, can there be
Amongst thy children room for me?

3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But oh! my soul wants more than sign;
I faint unless I feed on thee,
And drink thy blood as shed for me.

4 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed;
And I'm a sinner vile indeed!
Lord, I believe thy grace is free;
Oh, magnify that grace in me,

HYMN 375. 7s. *Berridge.*

Bread of Life.

1 GOSPEL bread the poor may eat,
And I want no better meat:
This my soul will satisfy,
Give it, Lord, or I must die!

2 Finding no supplies at home,
Poor and destitute I come,
Seeking to the church's Head,
Give me, Lord, the church's bread!

3 Poor in spirit, mean, and small,
Of my brethren least of all;
Fast abiding at thy gate,
Knocking early, knocking late.

4 Should I perish at thy door,
How the pow'rs of hell would roar!
Shall this tale be told of thee?
No, my Lord, it cannot be.

5 Sure I must believe thee kind,
And expect some help to find;
Let me, Lord, not ask in vain,
Feed me, and I'll come again.

HYMN 376. 8.8.6. *Kent.*

Rejoicing in the good things of Jesus' table.

1 HOW sacred is thy temple, Lord,
How rich the dainties of thy board,
How good the bread we eat;
The entertainment's all of grace,
Or we had ne'er enjoyed a place
So near the Saviour's feet.

2 What scenes of love are here unfurl'd,
What openings of the upper world,
In Jesus' cross appear!
Here saints their Saviour's love behold,
The half of which can ne'er be told,
No tongue can make it clear.

3 No other cord could hold the Lamb,
Or safely bind the great I AM,
To save the chosen race;
In bands of love he bled and died,
'Twas love that bound the crucified,
To suffer in our place.

HYMN 377. C.M. *Kent.*

Christ's invitation to his Spouse.

1 'TIS to his spouse, that Jesus speaks,
He chides her long delay;
How sweet his sacred accent breaks,
"My fair one, come away!

2 "Should earth, with her ten thousand charms,
"Invite thy soul to stay,
"Yet, still to thy Redeemer's arms,
"My fair one, come away!

3 "The sacred turtle's voice within,
"Proclaims the same to-day;
"It sweetly whispers pardon'd sin;
"My fair one, come away!

4 "Let nothing felt or fear'd within,
"Thy trembling soul dismay;
"From self, from slavish fear and sin,
"My fair one, come away!"

HYMN 378. 8.8.6. *Kent.*

Sinners saved by Grace.

1 LET Zion, in her songs, record
The honours of her dying Lord,
Triumphant over sin;
How sweet the song there's none can say,
But he whose sins are wash'd away,
Who feels the same within.

2 We claim no merit of our own,
But self-condemn'd, before thy throne,
Our hopes on Jesus place;
In heart, in lip, and life deprav'd,
Our theme shall be a sinner sav'd,
And praise redeeming grace.

3 We'll sing the same, while life shall last,
And when the great archangel's blast,
Our sleeping dust shall rise;
Then in a song for ever new,
The glorious theme we'll still pursue
Throughout the azure skies.

4 Prepar'd of old, at God's right hand,
Bright everlasting mansions stand,
For all the blood-bought race;
And 'till we reach those seats of bliss,
We'll sing no other song but this,
A sinner sav'd by grace.

HYMN 379. L. M. *Kent.*

The Banquet of Love.

1 TO banquet once the spouse was led,
By him, who for her pardon bled;
There was her soul indulg'd to prove
His looks divine, and banner love.

2 Like her my soul, beneath the word,
Was led to banquet with my Lord;
His flesh I ate, his love I sung,
While o'er my head his banner hung.

3 'Twas then I found a heaven within,
And pard'ning blood for ev'ry sin;
While love eternal, great and free,
Was still his banner over me.

4 Thus in his favour, life I found,
Whose temples once with thorns were crown'd
While o'er my head, a wretch deprav'd,
In folds of love, his banner wav'd.

5 Oh! sweet repast of living bread;
" Here let me die, my Lord," I said,
" I'm sick of love, and faint to see
" Thy banner thus spread over me."

6 " 'Twas for thy sin, my love," he said,
" Those poignant thorns surround my head;
" I groan'd, and bled, on Calv'ry's tree,
" To spread this banner over thee."

7 Jesus, when thou shalt call, I'll fly
To join the marriage feast on high;
And o'er thy glorious fullness rove,
And pay my Saviour love for love.

HYMN 380. 8.8.6. *Anon.*

1 THE table spread, my soul she spies
The victim bleed, the Saviour dies
In anguish on the tree;
I hear his dying groans, and prove
His bleeding grace, his dying love;
He died, my soul, for thee!

2 The table spread—the royal food
Is Jesu's sacred flesh and blood,
A feast of love divine;
His bleeding heart, his dying groans,
His sacred blood for sin atones—
Atones, my soul, for thee!

3 Whilst at the table sits the King,
Raptur'd with joy, my soul shall sing
With an immortal flame;
My Saviour's grace I'll still adore,
With joy I'll love him more and more,
And bless his sacred name.

4 'Tis thus my soul by faith is fed
On angel's food, with living bread,
With manna from above;
On sacred flesh, on precious blood,
I feast, 'till I am full of God,
And drink the wine of love.

5 It is an early antipast,
Of heav'nly bliss it is a taste,
A taste on earthly ground;
If here so sweet—if here we prove
Seraphic joy, celestial love,
In heav'n what will be found!

HYMN 381. S.M. *Anon.*

1 AROUND this social board,
In sweetest bonds of love;
We take our seat before the Lord,
In hope to meet above.

2 We view the bread and wine,
And call to mind our friend;
Each living soul may say he's mine,
My Jesus without end.

3 Memorials of our Priest
Before our eyes appear;
With pleasure may we keep the feast,
Since Jesus Christ is here.

4 A feast of sacred wine,
Of living bread we see;
A feast of sov'reign love divine,
Prepar'd on Calvary's tree.

5 Ye hungry, thirsty, come,
Draw near, and freely take;
Your Saviour kindly saith, there's room,
Make free for Jesus' sake.

6 There's room by Jesus' side,
And room beneath his feet;
Room for the humble to abide,
Where his redeemed meet.

HYMN 382. 104th. *Anon.*

The Cup of Salvation. Matthew xxvi. 29.

1 IN Jesus we live,
In Jesus we rest,
And, thankful, receive
His dying bequest;
The cup of salvation
His mercy bestows,
And from his dear passion
Our happiness flows.

2 With mystical wine
He comforts us here,
And gladly we join,
'Till Jesus appear,
With hearty thanksgiving
His death to record;
The living, the living
Should sing of the Lord.

3 He hallow'd the cup
Which we now receive,
The pledge of our hope
With Jesus to live,
Where sorrow and sadness
Shall never be found,
With glory and gladness
Eternally crown'd.

4 The fruit of the vine,
The joy it implies,
Again we shall join
To drink in the skies;
Exult in his favour,
Our triumph renew,
And I, saith the Saviour,
Will drink it with you.

HYMN 383. C. M. *Burnham.*

Celebrating the Lord's Supper.

1 O WHAT a noble feast is this!
It makes us sweetly sing;
Through bread and wine we clearly trace
The death of Christ our King.

2 In bread we view the bruised flesh;
In wine we see the blood:
And, O! the flesh and blood of Christ
Proves most delightful food.

3 Our happy spirits now admire
The dying Prince of Peace;
For in his suff'rings we behold
A matchless scene of grace,

4 O Jesus, may our longing eyes
Be fasten'd on thy death;
May we thus gaze our time away,
And thus resign our breath.

5 Then may we all triumphant rise,
Up to the courts on high;
There will Immanuel feast his saints,
And make them sing for joy.

6 Celestial love, and sacred blood,
Shall fill the noble song:
Sweet hallelujahs shall employ
The wond'rous happy throng.

HYMN 384. 104th. *Hart.*

The same.

1 WHAT creatures beside
Are favour'd like us;
Forgiven, supplied,
And banqueted thus,

By God our good Father,
Who gave us his Son,
And sent him to gather
His children in one.

2 Salvation 's of God,
Th' effect of free grace,
Upon us bestow'd
Before the world was.
God *from* everlasting
Be blest; and again
Blest *to* everlasting,
Amen, and amen.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

HYMN 385. 7s. *Kent.*

Gratitude.

1 NOW, to grace, as debtors, we
Spar'd, another year to see,
Mercies past, will still review;
God hath help'd us hitherto.

2 When the slaves of sin we lay,
Thou in love didst us survey;
This we now recall to view;
God hath help'd us hitherto.

3 In temptation's hottest day,
On the mount, or thro' the sea;
We have found thy promise true;
God hath help'd us hitherto.

4 In the depths of fear and sin,
Thou hast Israel's refuge been;
Walls of flame, when foes pursue;
God hath help'd us hitherto.

5 Oft, by Zion's foes, annoy'd,
Oft cast down, but not destroy'd;
Still, to grace, the praise is due;
God hath help'd us hitherto.

6 Wake, my soul, thy God to praise,
Raise thy Eben-ezer, raise;
Write thereon, thy fears forego,
God hath help'd me hitherto.

7 When our sins deserv'd thy rod,
Thee we found a peaceful God;
Lord, thy visits now renew;
Thou hast help'd us hitherto.

8 Toss'd with tempests, we have been;
In the deep, thy footsteps seen;
Sorrows, sins, temptations, thro',
God hath help'd us hitherto.

9 God of love, forgive the sin;
We have long ungrateful been;
Now thy name and love to praise,
Stones of help, and songs, we raise.

HYMN 386. S. M. *Anon.*

New Year.

1 GREAT God, before thy throne,
We joyfully appear,
In songs to make thy glories known,
And thus begin the year.

2 What favours all divine!
What mercies shall we share!
What blessings all around us shine,
To open this new year.

3 Indulgent goodness spares,
And still preserves us here;
And bounty all divine prepares
Supplies for this new year.

4 Our follies past forgive,
Our souls divinely cheer;
And help us more to thee to live,
Dear Lord, in this new year.

5 Prepare us for thy will,
Whatever may appear,
And let thy loving-kindness still
Preserve us thro' the year.

6 Confirm our souls in thee,
In faith and holy fear;
And let a precious Jesus be
Our song thro' all the year.

HYMN 387. 8. 7. *Burnham.*

Parable of the Barren Fig Tree.

1 LORD, I've long abus'd thy favours,
Long dishonour'd thy dear name:
Days and months, and years revolving,
Rise and witness to my shame;
Too much like the barren fig-tree,
Does my spirit still appear;
Flaming wrath would quickly seize me,
If my Jesus were severe.

2 Long I've slighted all thy goodness,
Set at nought thy flowing blood;
Ne'er can I expect forgiveness,
If thou art not truly God:
God thou art—and all forbearance!
Favours dost thou still repeat;
Surely thou hast not forsaken
Souls that mourn their barren state!

3 May I feel a deep contrition,
While my evils I explore;
Mourn, that I've been so unfruitful:
Mourn, because I mourn no more,
Jesus let thy sparing mercy,
All my powers now inflame;
Let my soul be ever yielding
Fruit, much fruit, to thy great name.

HYMN 388. C. M. *Anon.*

Morning or Evening.

1 JESUS, the Saviour of my soul,
Be thou my heart's delight;
Ever to me the same remain,
My joy by day and night.

2 Hungry and thirsty after thee
May I be found each hour;
Humble in heart, and happy kept
By thine almighty pow'r.

3 Oh, may I never once forget
What a poor worm I am!
From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
The blood of God's dear Lamb.

4 May thy blest Spirit, in my heart,
Most sweetly shed abroad
The love of my incarnate God,
Who bought me with his blood.

5 The myst'ry of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
And may the flesh and blood of Christ,
My daily manna be.

HYMN 389. C. M. *Newton.*

The prayer of Jabez. 1 Chron. iv. 9. 10.

1 JESUS, who bought us with his blood,
And makes our souls his care,
Was known of old as Israel's God,
And answer'd Jabez' prayer.

2 Jabez! a child of grief! the name
Befits poor sinners well;
For Jesus bore the cross and shame,
To save our souls from hell.

3 Teach us, O Lord, like him to plead
For mercies from above:
O come and bless our souls indeed,
With light, and joy, and love.

4 The gospel's promis'd land is wide,
We fain would enter in;
But we are press'd on ev'ry side
With unbelief and sin.

5 Arise, O Lord, enlarge our coast,
Let us possess the whole,
That Satan may no longer boast,
He can thy work controul.

6 Oh! may thy hand be with us still,
Our guide and guardian be,
To keep us safe from ev'ry ill,
Till death shall set us free.

7 Help us on thee to cast our care,
And on thy word to rest;
That Israel's God who heareth pray'r,
Will grant us our request.

HYMN 390. 112th. *Anon.*

Birth Day.

1 O GOD! behold thy servant now,
My favour'd soul would thee admire;
Before thy throne I'd humbly bow,
For thou art, Lord, my one desire:
Thy tender care I'd now survey,
And still go on to perfect day.

2 Sure I have known Immanuel's name,
Have feasted on the gospel word;
Yet would I own with holy shame,
My strange departures from my Lord.
But while I mourn my ev'ry ill,
Help me to look for mercy still.

3 O the divinely happy days,
My soul has felt in Jesu's arms,
How fill'd with pure immortal praise,
While I've beheld atoning charms.
O wond'rous love, that shines in blood,
And sweetly shews a pard'ning God!

4 O could I spend my future hours,
In musing o'er the scenes of grace,
And love the Lord with all my pow'rs,
And ever feel a sacred peace:
Lord, help me on, to realms above,
There, there to sing a Saviour's love.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

HYMN 391. L. M. *Doddridge.*

Mortality. Job. vii. 8. 1 Sam. ii. 6.

1 SOVEREIGN of life, before thine eye,
Lo! mortal men by thousands die:
One glance from thee at once brings down
The proudest brow that wears a crown.

2 Banish'd at once from human sight,
To the dark grave's unchanging night,
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.

3 The friendly band no more shall greet,
Accents familiar once, and sweet:
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.

4 Yet if our Father's faithful hand
Conduct us through this gloomy land,
Our souls with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.

5 He, nobler friends than here we leave,
In brighter, surer worlds can give;
Or, by the beamings of his eye,
A lost creation well supply.

HYMN 302. C. M. Anonym.

1 Corinthians, xv. 57.

1 WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious leader nigh!
My Lord,—my Saviour—lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above!
He met the tyrant's dart;
And, Oh, amazing power of love!
Receiv'd it in his heart.

4 Lord, I commit my soul to thee!
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this mortal part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust.

5 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee in the skies.

6 When thy triumphant trophies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb.

HYMN 393. S. M. *Toplady.*

Preparation for Death.

1 PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood;
So shall I lift my head with joy
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known;
The Spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy pow'r,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

HYMN 394. 7. 6. *Anon.*

Comfort in Death.

1 WHEN I obtain permission
To leave this vale of tears,
Be thou my good Physician,
At hand to soothe my fears.

2 Oh! let my soul expiring,
On thy dear breast recline;
And be true life acquiring
From that pierc'd heart of thine.

3 Saviour apply the merit
And comfort of thy blood,
When I give up my spirit
To thee my judge and God.

4 If with me in thy passage
Thou art, how glad and bold
Shall I receive the message,
And let my limbs grow cold!

5 The soul, on thee believing,
Goes safe to paradise;
The body too retrieving,
A purer frame shall rise.

6 Spite of the grave's corruption
I shall thy glory see;
And sing of my adoption
To all eternity.

HYMN 395. C. M. *Cowper.*

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward and attend
The whisper of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place,
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood,
My debt of suff'ring paid.

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

6 Sweet in his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees:
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

HYMN 396. L. M. *Collyer.*

1 DEATH 's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

2 As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun,

3 Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence;
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few and evil years they waste.

4 But when their chains are cast aside,
See the bright scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing and soar away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

HYMN 397. C. M. *Original.*

Job xix. 25.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And reigns above the sky;
I know that he my pray'r receives,
And pleads my cause on high.

2 I know that tho' my body die,
And mingle with the dust,
My Saviour can new life supply,
And in his name I trust.

3 I know that tho' I am with sin
Defil'd in ev'ry part,
He purity can form within,
And new create my heart.

I know, tho' guilt my conscience stain,
And merit I have none,
The blood of Him who once was slain
Is mighty to atone.

5 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And I shall see his face;
And every blessing that he gives
Is still a gift of grace.

HYMN 398. P. M. *Pope.*

The Dying Christian.

1 VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark, they whisper! angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away;"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight;
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath;
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly;
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

HYMN 399. L. M. *Hill.*

Death swallow'd up in Victory.

1 WE sing his love who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death reviv'd again;
That all his saints thro' him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty pow'r shall keep,
'Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.
Soon shall, &c.

3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day.

4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more.

5 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display:
When all thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptur'd in bliss beyond the skies.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

HYMN 400. P. M. *Original.*

Judgement.

1 HARK! 'tis the trump of God,
Sounds thro' the realms abroad,
Time is no more!
Horror invests the skies,
Graves burst, and myriads rise,
Nature in agonies
Yields up her store.

2 Chang'd in a moment's space,
Lo, the affrighted race
Shrink and despair;
Now they attempt to flee,
Curse immortality,
And view their misery
Dreadfully near.

3 Quick reels the bursting earth,
Rock'd by a storm of wrath,
Hurl'd from the sphere;
Heart-rending thunders roll,
Devils tormented howl,
Great God, support my soul,
Yielding to fear!

4 O, my Redeemer, come,
And thro' the fearful gloom,
Brighten my way!
How would my soul arise,
Soar thro' the flaming skies,
Join the solemnities
Of the great day.

PAUSE.

5 See, the incarnate God,
Swiftly emits abroad
Glories divine;
Lo! lo! he comes, he's near,—
Angels and saints appear,
Fled is my ev'ry fear,
Jesus is mine!

6 High on a flaming throne,
Rides the eternal Son,
Sov'reign, August!
Worlds from his presence flee,
Shrink at his Majesty,
Stars, dash'd along the sky,
Awfully burst!

7 Thousand of thousands wait
Round the judicial seat,
Glorified throne!
Prostrate the Elders fall,
Wing'd is my raptur'd soul,
Nigh to the Judge of all,
Do I draw near.

8 O, my redeeming Lord,
Wash'd in thy precious blood,
Bold I advance;
Fearless I run along,
Join the triumphant throng,
Shout in extatic song,
Thro' the expanse.

HYMN 401. C. M. *Steele.*

The Joys of Heaven.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow and pain and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There on a throne, how dazzling bright!
The exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

5 There shall the follow'rs of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in the blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir.

HYMN 402. L. M. *Berridge.*

Joys of Heaven.

1 O HAPPY Saints who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus cloth'd in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2 Releas'd from sin and toil and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life:
An open cage to let them fly,
And build their happy nest on high.

3 And now they range the heav'nly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesu's love.

4 They gaze upon his beauteous face,
His lovely mind and charming grace,
And gazing hard with ravish'd eyes,
His form they catch, and taste his joys.

5 He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing Hosannas all the while,
Or, overwhelm'd with raptures sweet,
Sink down, adoring, at his feet.

6 Ah! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

HYMN 403. C. M. *Newton.*

There the weary are at rest.

1 COURAGE, my soul! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides;
Eternal life beyond the skies
For all whom here he guides.

2 The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest;
Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care,
No more approach the blest.

3 A wicked world, and wicked heart,
With Satan now are join'd;
Each acts a too successful part
In harrassing my mind.

4 In conflict with this threefold troop,
How weary, Lord, am I!
Did not thy promise bear me up,
My soul must faint and die.

6 But fighting in my Saviour's strength,
Tho' mighty are my foes,
I shall a conqueror be at length
O'er all that can oppose.

7 Then why, my soul, complain or fear?
The crown of glory see!
The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

HYMN 404. 8.6.6. Sweet.

Heaven Anticipated.

1 SWEET is the thought, that I shall know
The man who suffer'd here below,
To manifest his love;
For me, and those whom I love best,
Or here, or with himself at rest,
In the bright realms above!

2 Not all things else are half so dear
As his delightful presence here,
What must it be on high!
His word, as in the churches known,
Falls like a show'r of blessings down,
And makes them shout for joy.

3 But how must his celestial voice
Make our enraptur'd hearts rejoice,
When from his glorious throne,
He calls us to come near his seat,
And we at his once-pierced feet,
Our diadems cast down!

4 "Come in, thou blessed, sit by me,
"With my own life I ransom'd thee;"
The Lord to each will say,
"Thou now shalt dwell with me at home;
"Ye blissful mansions make him room,
"For ever here to stay."

5 When Jesus thus invites us in,
How will the heav'nly host begin
To shout us welcome home!
Come in! come in! the blissful sound
Will make the chrystal walls resound,
For joy that we are come!

HYMN 402. C. M. *Newton.*

At Parting.

1 THROUGH Christ when we together came
In singleness of heart,
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

2 We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one:
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We happily go on.

3 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh;
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We Abba, Father, cry.

4 Oh! may thy Spirit, dearest Lord,
In all our travels, still
Direct, and be our constant guard,
To Zion's holy hill.

5 Oh, what a joyful meeting there,
Beyond these changing shades!
White are the robes we all shall wear,
And crowns upon our heads.

6 Haste, Lord, and bring us to the day
When we shall dwell at home:
Come, O Redeemer, come away;
O Jesus, quickly come.

HYMN 408. C. M. *Burnham.*

Thanks for a kind Providence.

1 THANKS be to God, whose tender hand
Hath brought us on thus far,
Nor will he leave his mourning saints,
But kindly will appear.

2 From year to year his goodness rolls,
Through all the changing road,
Fresh tokens of eternal love
Flow from a gracious God.

3 Lord, may we all on thy dear breast,
Each future burden cast,
Soon leave our sorrows all below,
And reign with thee at last.

HYMN 407. L. M. *Anon.*

Parting.

1 WHILE the dear saints of God below
Are travelling through this world of woe,
Oft are they call'd, as they can tell,
Here for a time to say—*farewell.*

2 And yet, all glory to the Lord!
Encourag'd by his faithful word,
We thus our sighs and tears repel,
'Tis only here we say—*farewell.*

3 Farewell! and may th' eternal Lord
To all our souls his smiles afford;
May we in faith and love excel,
And cheerful say once more—*farewell.*

4 Thus, while we here on earth remain,
We part and meet and part again;
But when we meet in heav'n to dwell,
We never there shall say—*farewell.*

HYMN 408. S. M. *Hoskins.*

1 WE bless the Father's name,
Who chose us in his love;
To God the Son, we give the same,
Our advocate above.

2 The Spirit, too we bless,
And raise his honours high;
Who conquers by his sov'reign grace,
And brings us strangers nigh.

DOXOLOGY:

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All Praise on earth be given!
This song employs the Angelic host
Through all the courts of Heaven.

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